JOHN BULL, *March* 10, 1923. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newsbaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIII. No. 859. SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1923. TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

SAVED
ASK YOUR GROCER
Jaeger's Treacle
SWEET & MELLOW
DO NOT THROW
3d. per lb Container

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

WHY NOT COMMIT MURDER?

by "A Gentleman with a Duster"

The value of Beef as a food

It is significant that the dominant nations of the world are beef-eaters.

The vital principles of beef, which are tissue-builders of the utmost value, are most easy assimilable in the form of OXO.

OXO is not only nourishing in itself—it facilitates the important process of nutrition, on which health depends.

OXO keeps your strength and vitality on the highest level, and builds up a healthy constitution.

Don't get run down—take

OXO

OXO PRICES:

BOTTLES.		CUBES.	
1-oz.	7d.	Tins of	
2-oz.	1/1	6 Cubes	6d.
4-oz.	1/11	12 Cubes	1/-
8-oz.	3/6	50 Cubes	4/-
16-oz.	5/6		

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers, OXO Limited, Thames House, London, E.C.4.

Let "John Bull" find you a well paid job

Mr. W. J. Bartlett, 107, Little Charlotte St., Portsmouth, who earns £11 18 0 in one week.

Mr. F. W. Townsend, 6, Rose Hill, Ramsgate, who earns £9 10 6 in one week.

Mr. W. Wilson, 94, Parkinson Lane, Halifax, who earns £7 10 0 in one week.

Mr. George Fletcher, 10, High St., Cradley, Heath, who earns £7 5 0 in one week.

Mr. R. Reynolds, 161, Duke Street, St. Helens, who earns £7 in one week.

Mr. J. Harries, 22, F. Pandy Road, Caerphilly, who earns £6 in one week.

THE six men whose portraits we show above have discovered, in common with hundreds of others, a splendid source of income in the handsome bonuses and commissions which JOHN BULL is paying its Subscription Representatives. The salaries these men are earning speaks volumes for the soundness of our scheme.

Why don't YOU step into the picture now that vacancies have again occurred in the ranks? You need no experience—you pay no money, we give you every assistance and equip you free. Even if you can devote only a few hours a day to work you can make a nice little extra sum weekly.

The existing vacancies in your district will soon be snapped up. Write for full particulars now on the coupon below before someone else gets the job that might have been yours.

WRITE FOR THE 'GOLDEN BOOK'

It explains the plan fully and shows you how easy we have made it for you to earn money right from the start.

SIGN THE COUPON NOW

Clip here if you want more money

To JOHN BULL *Insurance Department, Section 2, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.*

I desire to become a JOHN BULL Subscription Representative. Please send me, Free and Post Free and without obligation on my part, your "GOLDEN BOOK," and full particulars of your offer.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Date..... J.B.10.3.23.

Post this form in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

73 More Readers Benefit

Total Now 2,695

If you are not registered sign to-day on the forms below.

FIRE.

BARKING.—Mrs. R. BOOTON, 55, Howard Road.
BOLTON.—H. M. GRAY, 16, Bradshaw Street.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. J. ROBINSON, 196, Wards Street, Hulme.
DERBY.—R. CHAPMAN, 23, The Avenue, Alvaston.
FORESTGATE, E. 7.—J. GRAY, 21, Hampton Road.
HUDDERSFIELD.—G. R. GRAINGER, 9, Northgate, Almondbury.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. F. HOLT, 24, Fonthill Road.
BOLTON.—Mrs. E. NIGHTINGALE, 504, Church Road, Smithills.
NEW HUNSTANTON.—G. S. OAKLEY, Crispin House.
RUGELEY.—G. F. H. RICHARDS, The Cricket Field, Cannock Wood.
BIRMINGHAM.—E. A. WILSHAW, 26, Stoneleigh Road, Birchfield.
SEAHAM HARBOUR.—J. J. BUTTON, 38, Frederick Street.
GOREBRIDGE.—N. Campbell, 10, Dundee Terrace.
BURRY PORT, Carm.—Mrs. J. DAVIES, "Bridge House," New Street.
SEAHAM HARBOUR.—E. Hughes, 60, Frances Street.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—H. HARPER, "Oakley," Glebe Road, Forest Hall.
STOWMARKET.—D. LING, Grove Farm, Bungalows, Stonham Aspal.
ILKESTON.—A. SHAW, 85, Chapel Street.
WEST COWES, I. of W.—A. SAUNDERS, 3, Ward's Cottages, Market Hill.
NORWICH.—W. STAMP, The Bungalow, Reepham Road, Upper Hellesdon.
TIPTON.—C. THOMAS, 17, Victoria Street, Princes End.
LEYTON, E.—J. S. BRIGHT, 114, Windsor Road.
WOODBRIDGE.—Mrs. G. BARKER, Tower Street, Ufford.
NUNHEAD, S.E. 15.—Mrs. M. A. HILL, 14, Daniels Road.
BURY.—A. PERRY, 39, Frederick Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—S. W. PLUMBE, 75, Addison Road, Kings Heath.
DUDLEY.—W. W. SHANT, 40, Piper Row, Darley End, Netherton.
NOTTINGHAM.—E. STEVENS, 64, Sneinton Dale, Sneinton.
TREDEGAR, Mon.—J. COLLARD, 33, Charles Street.
NOTTINGHAM.—H. WATERS, 47, Ronald Street.
CRUMLIN, Mon.—J. JENKINS, 27 Ty Brachty Terrace, Kendon.
TOTTENHAM, N.15.—J. SILVER, 627 Seven Sisters Road.
SHEFFIELD.—W. TOWNSEND, 92, Lyon Street.

STORM.

DUNOON, N.B.—J. MCKELLAR, Thule Cottage.
BRIDGEND.—E. PAYNE, 1, Oddfellows Sq.
GLASGOW.—E. MCGOWAN, 10, Brown Street, Bridgeton.
GILFACH, Glam.—Mrs. S. E. ROBERTS, 10, Park Street.

Accident Benefits £1 per week.

BOLDON COLLIERY, Co. Durham.—THOMAS GRAY, 48, Fenwicks Row.
CHESTERTON.—Mrs. E. CARTER, 12, Mount Pleasant.
STOCKPORT.—Mrs. ARDERN, 18, Stringers Street, New Bridge Lane.
CAMDEN TOWN, N.W.—Mrs. L. BONFIELD, 200, York Road.
TAUNTON.—A. H. BONFIELD, Bincombe Corner, Church, St. Michael.
MANSFIELD.—Mrs. J. BENNETT, 1, Quarry Lane.
WOOLWICH, S.E. 18.—R. G. BELL, 23, Chapel Street.
WESTMEATH, Ireland.—Mrs. E. BERGIN, Kinnegad.
CARDIFF.—Mrs. F. BAILEY, 8, Ivy Street, Canton.
EDMONTON, N. 18.—F. BONFIELD, 23, Milton Road.
CASTLE HEDINGHAM, Essex.—Mrs. HORACE BUTCHER, Pump Cottage, Gainsford End, Tupperfield.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mrs. BROOME, 7, Windsor Terrace.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. COCKING, 11, Fitzmaurice Road, Darnall.
STEPNEY, E.—Mrs. M. DAY, 64, Maroon Street.
CAMBERWELL, S.E. 5.—W. DEDMAN, 41, Bolton Street.
BRIGHTON.—BARTON FERGUSON, "Clovelly," Crescent Drive, Downs Estate.
CHELSEA, S.W.—Mrs. L. FRANCIS, 52, Blantyre Street.
CANNOCK, Staffs.—J. H. FLETCHER, 247, Cemetery Road.
MUSSELBURGH, Scotland.—PATRICK HISLOPE, 4, Mitchell Place.
HEREFORD.—Mrs. C. HILLIER, 11, Paradise Buildings, Grand Stand Road.
GATESHEAD.—W. R. HALL, 4, Mary Street.
BRISTOL.—Miss EMILY HUNT, 50, Conduit Place, Lower Ashley Road.
BOLTON.—Mrs. NANCY HOLDEN, 8, Back Bark Street.
CARDIFF.—WILLIAM HARRIS, 1, Rhos Street, Caerphilly.
MILFORD HAVEN.—H. M. JOHNSON, 2, Richmond House, Great North Road.
SUNDERLAND.—Mrs. J. W. JONES, 2, Ada Street West, Murton, S.O.
BARGOED.—Mrs. SARAH JOHN, 12, Aeron Place, Gilfach.
BELFAST.—Mrs. T. LIVERMORE, 14, Coyle Street.
BURY ST. EDMUNDS.—Mrs. W. LEVETT, The Heath, Woolpit.
ENFIELD HIGHWAY, Middlesex.—Mrs. F. LEONARD, 9, Green Street.
WARRINGTON.—THOMAS MURRAY, 2, Charles Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. B. PERLOW, 54, Cornwall Road, Handsworth Wood.
LEIGHTON BUZZARD.—J. ROLLINGS, 46, Church Street.
LEEDS.—Mrs. I. ROSE, 9, Johns Place, Marshall Street, Holbeck.
NEWPORT, Mon.—WILLIAM H. SWEETING, 29, Jenkins Street.
LLANHILLETH.—Mrs. A. WILLIAMS, 9, Meadow Street.

Hundreds of names unavoidably held over.

CUT HERE

J.B.10.3.23. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

Date.....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A full Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

J.P.10.3.23. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate : 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address : The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS,

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

£5/- capital and your living guaranteed. Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 51 and 53, Houndsditch, E.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery Trade. How to start, useful Hints, Worth Pounds. Post Free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 96, High Street, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

ADD TO YOUR WEEKLY EARNINGS
by selling in your spare time
MEN'S AND WOMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES,
MEN'S AND WOMEN'S CLOTHING,
DRAPERY, LINO AND CARPETS,
WATCHES, JEWELLERY, &c.,
GRAND VALUE.
Cash or easy terms; highest commission; liberal supply of samples; thousands of testimonials.—Men in regular work apply to Freeman's, Contractors to H.M. Government, 105 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE has vacancies for skilled Armourers, Clerks (general and stores accounting), Cooks and Butchers, Drivers (petrol, winch and stationary oil engine), Engine Driver Fitters, Fitters' Mates (1st class), Power Station and Shift Engineers; also for semi-skilled Drivers petrol. Ages, ex-Service 18 to 30; Civilians, 18 to 26. Pay starts 3/- to 4/- a day. Allowance for wife and children to men 26 and over. Write, stating age, or call, Inspector of Recruiting, R.A.F., 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2, R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, 41, Church St., Birmingham, or R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, Dene House, Ellison Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2.

£5 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary. — Write for particulars, H. Levaino (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

PRINTING. — 10,000 Handbills at 3/6 per 1,000; Memos, Billheads, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples, 4d. postage. —Mead and Son, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

BARGAIN SALES.

ALL your wants on monthly payments. Boots, Suits, Costumes, Raincoats, Overcoats, Accordions, Watches, Rings, Cutlery, Clocks, etc., from 4/- monthly.—Write for catalogue to Masters, Ltd., 93, Hope Stores, Rye.

BILLIARD Table to place on your dining table, from £7 15s.; suit any room; easy payments.—Write for free list to E. J. Riley, Limited, Barbican Works, Accrington.

SAFETY FIRST Treasury note case with pull-out safety compartment, holds cards, stamps also. Velvet calf 6/9, velvet hide 5/9, post free. Money back guarantee.—Wilson, 148, Blenheim Street, Hull.

CATESBY'S CURTAINS.—Newest designs at lowest prices; profits drastically cut to make this offer your best chance for beautiful lace curtains, casement fabrics and drapery goods; correct curtains for every window.—Catalogue and patterns free if you request No. M.8. (19), Catesby, Ltd., London, W.1.

CYCLISTS!—Just out, H. Fitzpatrick's 1923 BIG BARGAIN BOOK of 144 pages. The most astounding bargains in "Captain" Cycles, Tyres, and all accessories. Also a good range of Cutlery and Household wants. The Greatest of all Books is yours ABSOLUTELY FREE by writing on a postcard, "Catalogue, Please" to H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 82, Burnley.

HANDSOME and Novel Cigarette and Match Case combined; a lovely gift in real Velvet Hide Leather at much below shop price. Money back if not satisfied. 2/- post free.—British Leather Sundries Co., 446, Chatsworth Road, Chesterfield.

BABY CARS from £3 3s.; best value in England, direct from factory; on approv. Carr. paid. Cash or easy terms. Catalogue free.—Direct Public Supply Co. (Dept. 178), Coventry.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

BEAUTIFUL LEATHER, 20 colours, 9d. ft. Send 3d. stamp for patterns.—Catt, Leather Works, Northampton.

GENUINE SCOTCH TWEEDS in cut Suit or Costume lengths. Lowest prices. Buy direct from Scotland—the home of Tweeds. Suit and Costume Lengths from 21/-. Patterns sent free. —Handloom Tweed Co., 35, Crown St., Aberdeen.

MUSICAL.

ACCORDEONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments. Illd. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 96, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE & CO., LTD., ROYAL SEEDSMEN, EDINBURGH, will send a copy of their 1923 Catalogue and Guide to Gardening free, if this paper is mentioned.

LIVESTOCK.

YOUNG talking parrots and cages from 40/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. Livestock list free.—Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.

MARKETING BY POST.

FISH.—Kits of quality, wet, 4 st. £1. Finny 7/6, Kipps., Blots, 6/- st., carr. pd. List Free. —The Bell Fishing Co., Fish Docks, Grimsby.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

SALESMANSHIP, Advertising, Window-dressing, Sale Letter Writing, taught by post. Positions found for Students.—Dept. 30, Phœnix School of Business, Ltd., 439, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT.
THE
BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD.
The School that
TRAINS YOU FOR A POSITION.
Fees from 3 guineas
Call and see the Secretary personally, or write for free illustrated prospectus.
BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD.,
5 & 6, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

HOW to secure a congenial Government, Municipal or Secretarial position in the shortest possible time. — Address, Principal, Sanitary Training College, 335, High Holborn, London.

LEARN Estate Agency and Management; spare or full time. £5 to £10 can be earned weekly while learning at home.—Write Room 65, McGrath Institute, 20, Southampton St., Holborn, W.C.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

THE CURE FOR WORMS. — Be your own Doctor. "Artica" Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Cure in tablet form, and positively and permanently cure violent cases. No fasting, no dieting, no interference daily habits. Generous supply, 1/6, post paid, with proof of cure. Send to-day.—Ridyard Tablet Co., Mfg. Chemists, 34-38, High Street, Codnor, Derbyshire.

INDIGESTION.—Free to Sufferers, convincing sample of Hodgson's Cure sent for 6d. postage, etc. Certain remedy habitual cases, invaluable Constipation, all Digestive Troubles. Safe for Children. Send 6d. to-day.—Hodgson, 14, Outram Road, East Ham, London, E.6.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure your-self for your child. Parties free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

GOITRE. Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M. H. Specialist (Dept. X), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Ilkley.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Racton Road, London, S.W.6.

THE MANUAL OF WISDOM.—Mothers and every married person should write at once for this wonderful and extremely valuable Medical Book worth many pounds. Containing good, sound advice and special information, of the utmost importance. Should be in every home. Sent absolutely FREE on mentioning this paper. —Le Brasseur Surgical Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. D. H.), 90-92, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

NERVOUSNESS, Blushing, remarkable 32-p. book on genuine home cure sent privately. 8d.—H. Rivers (J.B.), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.

PSORIASIS permanently cured. Write to-day for free particulars.—Dr. J. Horn, D.Sc., 169, Wimborne Road, Bournemouth.

ASTHMA.—Zeala Asthma Fluid makes life worth living.—Zeala Asthma Remedy, Severn Road, Weston-super-Mare.

BEMINO Tonic.—Rebuilds constitution; parties, samp. 3d.—Wilson, Manchester Rd., Bradford.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No hamby pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (176BK), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

SUSPENSORY BANDAGES: highly recommended for athletes, cyclists, etc.; 1/6, post free; better qualities, 2/- and 4/6. Surgical goods of every description at lowest price.—Catalogues sent post free on application to LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL MANUFACTURING CO., LTD. (Dept. B.H.), 90-92, Worcester Street, Birmingham. "The World's Largest Manufacturers of Surgical Appliances."

NEW LIFE to Weak, Weary, Nervous, Pallid people. Thyroid GLANDETS restore Youth, Energy, Vitality, Nerve Force. Never Fail. Great Discovery. No drugs. Free trial P.C.—Percivals, 67, St. Albans.

PILES CURED by wonderful threefold absorption treatment. A 5/- package sent free on application. Write to-day.—Dr. Van Vleck Co., Ltd. (J.B.), 3, Fleet Lane, London.

ECZEMA sufferers can obtain Instant Relief by applying D.D.D. Prescription.—Send to-day for a free trial bottle to D.D.D. Laboratories (J.B.), 3, Fleet Lane, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 6d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

THE MODERN MOTHER who knows all about labour-saving needs "Mend-a-Tear." It abolishes stitches for mending and is far, far quicker. Send 9d. stamp for free sample to Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

"PUZZLES & PRIZES"
is a wonderful new journal with a prize offer at every turn. Simple Simon Sages: First prize £100, and over 1,500 other prizes. Half-a-dozen other prize competitions. Send 2d. for copy of April number to
"PUZZLES & PRIZES,"
—3, Broad Plain, Bristol.

That "Kruschen" Feeling!

Here's the dear old boy again—just brimming over with high spirits and the sheer joy of living.

He gets up every morning feeling that he could do the staircase in one. He greets the day with a smile, and his friends with the hearty handclasp of real good-fellowship.

He is welcome wherever he goes—no one can resist his cheery way of always looking on the bright side of things.

Do **you** feel like this?

If not, there's something wrong. You think it's your nature. It isn't—it's your **health.**

Just consider. You are probably getting too little fresh air and exercise—perhaps you spend too much time sitting over your daily tasks, and as a result you get run down with worry, overwork or errors of diet. Consequently you need a corrective. You need Kruschen Salts.

Kruschen contains just the six salts, blended in just the right proportion, that are essential to keep you in continual good health. Under their tonic influence the liver and kidney eliminate **all** waste matter. Your whole body is braced and revived.

The dose is only "as much as will lie on a sixpence," and you can't taste it in your breakfast cup of tea. A 1/9 bottle contains 96 morning "pinches"—good health and youthful spirits for less than a farthing a day!

Tasteless in Tea.

Put as much in your breakfast cup as will lie on a sixpence. It's the little daily dose that does it.

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

The ingredients of Kruschen Salts are necessary for healthy life. Your body must of necessity obtain these ingredients from somewhere, or you could not live. Normally, your system should extract these vital salts from your food—meat, bread, fruit, vegetables, milk, eggs, and so on; but when, owing to impaired digestion, errors of diet, overwork and worry, anxiety, sedentary occupation, and many other causes, your system does not extract from your food the correct proportions of these essential life-giving salts, then you suffer from depression, headaches, constipation, or disordered liver.

Kruschen Salts should be your safeguard. Besides cleansing the body of impurities, gently, surely and painlessly, they possess a wonderful power of giving new life and vitality to the countless millions of cells of which every body is composed. Flesh, blood, bone, brain and nerve are all made up of cells, and every cell requires one or more of the numerous constituents of Kruschen Salts for its healthy life,

Ready for Spring Cleaning

THE coming of Spring finds Vimmy ready for all the household cleaning and polishing tasks which it brings.

For Spring cleaning the house there's nothing to beat Vim—it cleans and polishes here, there, and everywhere.

In Kitchen, Scullery, Hall, Dining Room, Drawing Room, and Bed Rooms, Vim quickly abolishes all dirt and tarnish, and makes everything bright and clean with little labour.

IN SPRINKLER-TOP CANISTERS

Of all Grocers, Stores, Oilmen, Chandlers, etc.

CLEANSER VIM & POLISHER
FOR METAL, WOODWORK, TILES etc.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

Vol. XXXIII. No. 878.
Week ending Saturday,
Mar. 10, 1923. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9866
Telegrams: Heroically, London

For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

The Term Tranquillity.
The British Taxpayers are paying Ibn Saud, Sultan of Nejd, in Arabia, £5,000 a month to keep quiet. So tranquillity is ensured in Arabia.

Paying for the War.
£16 12s., £5 12s., £5 12s. are the respective amounts per head paid in taxation by the British, the French, and the Americans. No comment is needed.

The Coal Ramp.
The Prime Minister has refused the request of the miners for an inquiry into the coal industry. We agree with the miners, it's time we were told who *is* getting the money.

Still a Chance.
Housing decontrol starts next year unless a contrary resolution is proposed by either House. We look to the House of Commons to see that the resolution is forthcoming in time.

A Plain H'nt.
The inhabitants of Iraq (or Mesopotamia) declare they want an independent Arab Government. The British Government has no excuse for spending another penny there.

Let's Have Unity!
The demand of the Admiralty for an Air Service outside the control of the Air Ministry is preposterous. Either let the Air Ministry rule or abolish it.

The Great Resolve.
"I am not going to let Germany off," announced Major Hills, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, in the course of the by-election in Liverpool. The hour brings the man. But let us hope his colleagues agree.

An Amazing Idea.
President Harding wants America to join the Hague Court without incurring any responsibility with regard to the League of Nations. But power and responsibility are international bedfellows, and the one implies the other.

Labour in Vain.
The Cabinet Committee deputed to frame a scheme for solving the unemployed problem has laboured for eight weeks, but has failed to reach an agreement on any of the proposals considered. No wonder safe seats are scarce for Ministers.

These Surplus Catches.
Fish is still being thrown back into the sea while thousands of people are starving. Here's something for the Labour M.P.s to tackle.

What About It?
The Turkish Government includes a "Ministry of National Economy." The Turk can't teach us much, but *that's* a tip our own Government might take.

No Use for Brains.
The complaint of Sir Ronald Ross that this country throws its geniuses on the dust heap is only too well founded. There should be ample State assistance for scientific research.

A Narrow Escape!
The Premier says the broadcasting of Parliamentary debates is not "desirable." "Unnecessary" and "uninteresting" are both truer reasons than the one he gave for his refusal.

A Family Likeness!
Mr. Asquith says the Labour Party is a Coalition bound together by formulæ and catchwords. In which respect it resembles the other political parties.

End Minority Rule.
Although Proportional Representation was defeated by a small majority, it is imperative that before the next General Election there should be a thorough overhauling of the electoral machine.

The People's Right.
Mr. Ramsay Macdonald complains that we are still suffering from the old secret diplomacy. The war taught the old gang nothing, but the British people have a right to know what is being done in their name.

A Glasgow Gesture.
Let us hope it is a promising sign of the times that the Scottish Labour Party have excluded two Communist delegates from their annual meeting at Glasgow. Communists are everybody's enemies.

Our Net Sales

The Net Sales of JOHN BULL which are given hereunder are the largest of any twopenny weekly periodical in the world.

Issue dated Jan.	*27th,*	*1923*	*621,238*
"	*Feb. 3rd*	"	*640,870*
"	" *10th*	"	*668,496*
"	" *17th*	"	*679,343*
"	" *24th*	"	*685,834*

Certified by FRANKLIN, WILD & Co., Orient House, New Broad Street, E.C., and MARWICK MITCHELL & Co., Columbia House, 1-3, Regent Street, S.W.1., *Chartered Accountants.*

Moving at Last.
The Ministry of Health is inquiring into the use of anæsthetics. In view of the growing number of deaths under chloroform it is high time somebody did.

Why Delay.
The President of the Board of Trade says the only cure for unemployment is to restore trade to its normal proportions. And to open up trade with Russia again would be a help.

Spring-cleaning the Law.
The Lord Chancellor's Bill to clean some of the rust of ages off our legal machinery is a long overdue measure. A great many Acts of Parliament sadly need bringing up-to-date.

Why?
Why are Hun commercial and political magnates given official aid and facilities for visiting London when it is well known that they are here to initiate anti-French propaganda?

More Power to Him.
The Rev. W. P. Nicholson is busy in Belfast turning gunmen into Sunday-school teachers. Perhaps religion is going to succeed where all other methods have failed.

Doing the Wrong Thing.
The Sheffield Education Committee has been ordered to reduce its expenditure by £20,000, which is merely penalising the children for adminstrative inefficiency.

Hun Prophet.
Major von Gaza, a German magnate, is undismayed by his own view that the Ruhr question is to be settled by force alone. "We shall receive arms and ammunition from England," says he. He is not right in his mind.

Patchwork Politics.
It is proposed to re-introduce the "way-ticket" system to assist those tramping in search of work. The authorities seem able to think of everything except giving the unemployed useful work to do.

Room for Improvement.
The Home Secretary says there is to be no fresh legislation to make the prison system "more humane and reformative." Which is itself an admission of the necessity for such reform.

And So On!
To lend the Nyassaland Government £32,000 in order to enable them to pay a debt owing to the War Office strikes us as about the limit in comic politics. Shortly the Government will no doubt lend them some more in order to pay *that* debt!

A Mighty Issue.

The Wimborne (Dorset) Guardians are seeking power to add a piece of cheese to the dry bread given a vagrant on discharge. The reason is that so many of the vagrants of to-day were the heroes of yesterday. For such the nation ought to be able to stand a bit of cheese for the day's march in pursuit of a job.

Another Shylock.

That greedy grasper, John W. P. Jones, of Brocken Hill Road, Middlesbrough, is a man with a mean, despicable soul. Jail should be his abode for charging the needy poor 500 per cent. interest on money lent, and in this way adding to their difficulties. Perhaps the fact that he had to pay a £50 fine for his practices would hurt him more than imprisonment. We hope it made him squeal.

"Greater Love——"

Peter Priestley, a sixty-year-old shepherd, had spent most of his life in solitude on the Yorkshire moors, and had learned to love his dogs as a father loves his children. They were playing in the roadway when a motor lorry came along. Fearful lest they should be harmed, the old man rushed to save them. He managed to throw them clear, but the wheels passed over his body, and he died in Sheffield Hospital. Truly, he "laid down his life for his friends."

Another Wicked Woman.

Hull's Magistrates strained mercy to breaking point when they committed Mrs. Anne Coulling to gaol for only one month. This wicked proprietress of a residential temperance hotel at 133, Beverley Road, acquired a house next door. It could be entered from the hotel, and was just a common resort of Asiatics and degraded Englishwomen. Hull will redeem its reputation and clear away wickedness when its Magistrates are a little more stern.

Back to the Land!

An agricultural labourer with a wife and eight children, earning 27s. a week, applied to the Risbridge (Suffolk) Guardians for assistance, and was granted nine loaves of bread. Captain Hervey, the District Inspector of the Ministry of Health, who objected to giving relief in aid of wages, stated that in Norfolk there were similar cases in which the wages were 25s. a week, and there were as many as twelve children. Something for those who raise the slogan, "Back to the Land!" to ponder over.

Grateful Guardians.

When the case of an unemployed Aspley Guise ex-Service man came before the Ampthill Guardians, it was stated that he was trying to keep himself, his wife and three children on the dole of 23s., out of which he had to pay 5s. 9d. rent. A woman member moved that 3s. a week should be granted for one month, but even this modest relief was refused by a majority of the Board, which consists largely of well-to-do farmers. They are better guardians of their purses than of the poor.

A Besmircher of Youth.

James Walker Leys, of Aberdeen, ought to be dealt with by the medical faculty on the lines suggested by Mr. Justice Roche. Inserting a bogus advertisement in a newspaper, he offered situations at a confectionery factory to young girls of 14 to 15 years of age. One girl replied, and she was lured to a lonely part, where she was assaulted. Other girls in Aberdeen were so afraid of being similarly treated that they dare not go out at night. Leys was brought to justice by an accident, and is now serving a well-deserved six months' imprisonment.

A Beast of 71.

A miner, 71 years of age, Samuel Hemsley by name, of Heath, Derby, was charged with indecently assaulting little children. There were five counts, to one of which he pleaded guilty, and the Court, to avoid calling too many young girls as witnesses, proceeded with this one case. He was sentenced to two months' imprisonment. Not exactly heavy—even for a beast of 71.

A Grasping Grocer.

When a lad of sixteen was charged with stealing 1 lb. of butter from his employer, a grocer named John Bowen, who paid him 7s. a week, Mr. J. R. Bache, the Chairman of the Knighton Bench, declared the lad could not live on double the amount, and it seemed like encouraging him to steal. With a kindly exhortation to honesty he discharged the youth. We hope he will be more fortunate in his next employer.

Queer Magistrates.

Substantial punishment fitting the crime has a more lasting effect than threats, especially in the case of such a spoiler of young girls' morals as George Allwork, of Maud Terrace. Rochdale's Magistrates will on consideration agree with that opinion, and perhaps adopt sterner measures to raise the standard of morality in the town. Two months in gaol is a ridiculous sentence for a beast who assaults a fourteen-years-old child.

Real Justice.

Rotherham magistrates know how to temper justice with mercy. Percy Unstead, a crane-driver who had been two years without a job, and whose judgment had been upset by an injury to his head, was found guilty of petty thefts. Instead of sending the poor fellow to prison, the kindly Bench bound him over, and asked the probation officer to assist him in finding employment. That is the spirit which should prevail on every Bench.

Deserves another Chance.

In his time of need a person is entitled to draw upon his good character as upon a bank. The excellent one William Lonsdale, the Leeds hero letter-carrier, had served him well when he was brought before the Stipendiary charged with stealing £2. Lonsdale, when a prisoner-of-war, struck a Hun officer who had dared to speak slightingly of Britain. When his present sentence of one month has expired Lonsdale must be given by the Postal Authorities the chance to redeem his character.

The Only Way.

Degrading conditions in Liverpool's Chinatown are being dealt with—and none too soon. Chinese residents in the city have prospered by means of an artful gambling system. The opium dens are a menace to Merseyside. Some day the story of the association of white women with yellow men will be told. Two opium-smoking dens in Pitt Street have, we hope, been permanently closed. Fines, or even imprisonment, will not make Chinatown a clean spot. Deportation is the cure.

Hindering Humanitarians.

When the National Equine Defence League prosecuted Herbert Brown, a coal merchant of New Southgate, for working a horse suffering from a painful and contagious disease, the Highgate Magistrate dismissed the case and ordered the League to pay £5 5s. costs claimed by the defendant for "considerable expense and loss of time." Even though he may justly have felt unable to convict, it is most regrettable that he should have thought fit to discourage a splendid humanitarian organisation in this unusual fashion.

Love's Destiny.

"Courtship and marriage are often the way to Heaven and often the way to Hell." None of the congregation of lovers the Rev. J. Hockens addressed at the Acton Hall Wesleyan Church need begin untying their true-lover's knots because he introduced a little scare-stuff. Given plenty of houses, there need be no hell about marriage, and these the Government must build.

The Bad Boy's Bastille.

Three boys escaped from the Portland Convict Prison that now hides its hideousness under the name of a Borstal Institution. They secured an open boat and crossed to Weymouth in a storm that nearly swamped them. At dawn they were arrested in an exhausted condition outside the town. High-spirited boys! With a chance how different might have been their lot!

Disgraceful Leniency.

Albert Henry, of Harrow, was fined 10s. for driving a worn out horse for twenty miles and using a knotted lash, while W. C. Strudley, of Andover Down, was fined 5s. for working a horse in a very emaciated condition and suffering from three open sores. What *is* the use of bringing these atrocious cases before the Court, if Magistrates do everything in their power to discourage those who work in humanity's cause?

For the Children's Sake.

Parents at Southampton are perturbed by the prevalence of indecent conduct towards children playing in the public parks. Scarcely a week passes without several cases of this kind, but such sentences as the one month's imprisonment imposed on Alfred James Gill for interfering with two little girls aged ten and eleven on two consecutive dates are not nearly enough to act as a deterrent. Such men should be punished with the utmost severity.

Unprintable!

For four years George Grace, aged 80, pushed about truckfuls of money, taken from slot-meters, for the princely wages of 15s. a week. Recently, Grace helped himself to 6d. belonging to his employers, the Maidenhead Gas Co., who promptly hauled the poor old chap into the dock, where he was bound over, and mulcted of 17s. 6d. costs, more than a week's wage. Sorry, but we cannot print what we think about the Maidenhead Gas Company.

A Yorkshire Love Tragedy.

When love comes late it often comes with overwhelming power. It came late in life to Clara Holmes, at Windhill, for she was forty when she started walking out with Ernest Beaumont. She told her landlady she worshipped the ground he walked on. On New Year's Day she learned that he was married. She tore herself from him, but she could not tear his image from her heart. Last week her dead body was found in the canal. May she find peace.

The Immortal Law.

To a woman of 60 charged at the Old Bailey with bigamy, the Recorder said: "It is a case which should never have been brought; it is hunting for criminals." The prisoner had been deserted by a drunkard and wife-beater, and 13 years ago had re-married happily. The woman was arrested because she had admitted having seen her husband two years before her second marriage. The Recorder: "My sentence is one day's imprisonment, which means that you may go." This human tragedy, like countless others, is the outcome of an inhuman Divorce Law.

Why! Oh, Why?

Councillor Monk, of Salford, suggests that all good books in public libraries should be placed on a "black list" in order to induce persons to use and read them. But why place *bad* books at all in libraries?

Worse than the Arabs.

From a Ministerial reply in Parliament we learn that on January 31st last there was still unpaid £228,000,000 in respect of Excess Profits Duty. Super Tax-payers were in default by £8,250,000. The Mesopotamian method of hastening payment by dropping bombs on the homes of the dilatory has not been suggested.

Long Overdue.

It is hoped that in its main features Brigadier-General R. B. Colvin's Bill strictly to regulate the exhibition and training of performing animals will be carried through Parliament. Where no cruelty is practised there will be no objection to it, and for their part the public will know they can applaud the tuition of trainers and the performances of intelligent animals without qualms of conscience.

Horrible Butchers.

When Benjamin Homer, a Cradley Heath butcher, was charged with his brother and wife with exposing for sale meat unfit for food, it was stated that the carcase was so diseased that it was necessary to issue seven separate summonses. The two male defendants were sent to prison for two months, and the woman was fined. Such butchers should be prevented from ever again handling the people's food.

A Moral Menace.

Was Albert Edward Aaronson, of 5, Duddingston Park, Portobello, medically examined, as he ought to have been, before being fined £2 by the Edinburgh Magistrates? No 50-years-old man, in his right mind, would go about writing obscenities in railway carriages as he did. The Magistrates would have been justified in committing him to a mental institution for treatment. When allowed to have their freedom such decadents are a moral menace.

Pensions for Large Families?

Joseph Jones, of Buckley, was fined 10s. at Hawarden for his daughter's irregular school attendance. An official urged that as Jones had twenty children, the girl should go to an industrial school, where four sisters had already been sent. The Court would have none of it and said that Jones deserved a pension. He does—he has done his duty to the State nobly and should not have been fined even that 10s.

Sadly Saintly.

For years past the efforts of the management of the Premier Electric Theatre at Earlsfield to obtain the same licence for Sunday opening as is enjoyed by picture houses in neighbouring districts have been foiled by the bigoted opposition of the local vicar, the Rev. D. Tudor Craig, who on the occasion of the last application produced a protest signed by 131 parishioners. Are the wishes of the 20,000 inhabitants to be set aside to gratify the whim of this handful of sad Sabbatarians?

Princely Pensions.

The Bermondsey Guardians have just granted pensions amounting to £545 a year to Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Butcher, the late master and matron of the Tanner Street and Parish Street Workhouses—recently closed. With nearly £11 a week between them for the rest of their lives the happy couple will never have to go back to the Workhouse, but some of the poor ratepayers will soon find themselves there if pensions continue at this rate.

More About Marks.

It is not at all surprising that the egg importers of Tooley Street and a large number of provision dealers object to the marking of eggs coming into this country from abroad. They do not scorn the foreign yolk. They love it; not to eat themselves, but to sell to other people. If foreign eggs were marked they could not be easily mixed with alleged "new laid."

How Not To Do It.

What is wanted in Whitehall more than anything else are men who know their own minds. Recently a certain unit was ordered to pack up for home. On the way it was ordered back, a week later "come home" orders were repeated, only to be countermanded again. Already the unit has travelled backwards and forwards for a greater distance than that to home, and at a greater cost.

Disconcerting.

The revelation of Dr. G. C. Trotter, Medical Officer of Health for Islington, that out of 17 prescriptions dispensed in the borough by different chemists, six were inaccurate is disconcerting. Probably a small proportion are much more inaccurate than dispensers know about or are disposed to admit until they are found out. Many prescriptions do no good, and as many also do no harm, they are not heard of. The danger is in, say, a nasty overdose of strychnine.

THE HIDDEN SELF

By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

IT is a strange fact to reflect upon that the most important part of anyone's being lies outside the immediate range of his consciousness.

No one is conscious of more than a corner of himself at any given moment, and there are deeps in our nature of which we are never conscious at all.

The bounds of consciousness are continually shifting.

Things we know and feel to-day we forget to-morrow; things we knew not yesterday are in the foreground of our experience to-day.

Yet it is a well-established fact that a thing is never really forgotten that has once entered into consciousness. We may lose all recollection of it but it is still operative below the threshold of memory.

Every thought that passes through the mind, every feeling that agitates the heart produces a lasting effect upon the inner man for good or ill.

More than that, every suggestion we send down to the mysterious part of ourselves which underlies self-consciousness sets forces in motion therein which react tremendously upon our surface life for weal or woe.

It is what goes on in the sub-conscious region which makes us glad or sorry, well or sick, good or bad.

Watch your thoughts; you have not done with them when you stop thinking them, nor have they done with you.

Learn to train the hidden self: it is wonderfully responsive to command, or rather to confident expectation.

Don't give it any fears to feed on or it will materialise them.

Tell it what you want it to do and it will do it if you are careful not to hinder it by doubts and hesitations.

There is a rich harvest of good to be reaped in this way by everyone who is careful about the seed he sows.

Profiteers' Paradise.

Though cases of fruit are literally being poured into Hull, fruit prices are showing an upward tendency. Which, of course, means that the gentle art of profiteering is going on somewhere. We know no printable word expressive enough to describe those who make exorbitant profits out of foodstuffs in these times of stress and unemployment.

Much Too Dear.

To find situations for twenty-six girls, Mr. A Snow, of the Swindon Employment Committee, stated that a steady procession of officials appeared to be necessary. He asked who bore the expenses, and of course no proper answer was forthcoming; but then in these days, with a question of expense, the motto is "Damn the consequences."

A Pill for Profiteers.

Captain J. Danny, Hon. Secretary of the S. Hackney Branch of the British Legion, has hit upon an effective method of counteracting profiteering in food. Potatoes, sold in shops at 4 lb. for 3d., he sells at 3 lb. for 1d., and declares that he is making a profit of 25 per cent., which will be devoted to the Children's Hospital. He contemplates adopting similar tactics with regard to fish and meat if profiteering continues. Good luck to him!

Operations Under Drugs.

On the supposition that Sir Bernard Spilsbury speaks from the book when he says he believes the Ministry of Health intends to institute an Inquiry into the subject of deaths under anæsthetics, we are glad of the news. Doubtless more deaths under operations do occur than if more careful and specialised precautions were taken against misadventure, though it must be admitted that many operations, especially in hospitals, have to be undertaken under pressure of great haste.

Work for All!

A Portmadoc reader who applied for a job as boots at a North Wales hotel was told he would have to start work at 7 a.m. and finish at 8 p.m. A list of his duties would occupy about half a column. The pay was 25s. a week, from which 20s. would be deducted for board and lodging, 1s. 3d. for laundry, and 1s. 2d. for insurance, leaving him 2s. 7d. with which to buy straw in case he cared to make a few bricks in his spare time. Is this what people mean when they say there is work for all who like to look for it?

Nobbled at Newmarket.

The Newmarket U.D.C. should be the last Local Authority to countenance an unsporting action. Consternation has been created by their recent decision to limit licences for motor hackney carriages to ratepayers. A number of disabled ex-Service men residing just outside the Urban area are dependent for a living upon motor hiring during race weeks, and they feel that by this resolution they have, in racing parlance, been nobbled. It is not too late to amend this harsh decision.

Oranges and Lemons.

Francisco Bate & Sons, Ltd., of "London," need to explain their dealings with Bert Lipton, a Manchester traveller. Representing themselves as makers of a patent broom and owners of a line of steamers, etc., they gave him a job as traveller on his investing £100. When he got orders he could not get supplies. When registered, the Company set out as its object the growing of oranges and lemons in Spain. Lipton, who has not got his money back, seems to have been mistaken for a lemon. At any rate, they squeezed him badly.

NOBLEMEN AND HORRIBLE FILMS

Why are the Culprits Protected?

The persons at the back of the exhibitions of indecent films which we have already exposed are of high social standing. Is this why no action has been taken against them?

WHO is protecting the people of high position and social importance, who are behind the nauseating tride in indecent films which we have exposed in these columns?

We ask this question because certain people, alarmed by our revelations, are being assured that all is well, that their abominable trade is safe, and that authority cannot and dare not touch the distinguished persons at the head of it.

It is true that the persons behind this traffic are very distinguished. This must not give them immunity.

We state plainly that one of the leaders in this horrible trade in indecent films is a highly placed Indian ruler. In virtue of his position he has the privilege of immunity from Customs Examinations of his baggage and that of his staff officers.

By virtue of this privilege one of his agents is importing into this country, from France and Belgium, the most horrible and disgusting films imaginable.

When they reach London they are handed over to a Park Lane magnate, a man of title and position, who in times of urgency dispatches his agent —a man well known in the film trade —to the Continent to purchase the latest productions which he requires to "entertain" his degraded guests.

This wretched creature and titled debauchee, whose income is said to be over a hundred thousand pounds a year, shows them in the smoking-room of his palatial mansion to guests as debased and abnormal as himself.

The Indian Maharajah, who rules a territory greater than Great Britain, will pay anything to secure the worst infamies of the film traffic. The last time he was in England he sent a special messenger to Paris to bring back the filthiest film available. He showed it the next night to an audience that included Press, Members of Parliament and other well-known people.

But though they are chiefly exploited financially by foreigners, the scenes of some of the worst of them are made in this country, the parts being played by degraded so-called film "actors" and by the undesirables of the underworld. The principal male actor in "The Burglar's Surprise," the indescribable revel of debauchery shown in Park Lane, is a doorkeeper in a West End night club—the "leading lady" a well-known woman of the town who infests the same club. Some of these pictures were made in North London, others on a nobleman's houseboat on the Thames.

The following films are notorious in the underworld of vice:—The Begging Friar; The Lady and the Page; Flagellation; The Mythical Isles of Greece; and The Bather and —the Fly. Five hundred pounds were paid for the importation of one of these films.

Others, equally detestable, are La Demoiselle Sans Pareil, and Un Mari Cocu.

There is a large room in a flat just off Jermyn Street where films of the most disgusting nature are regularly shown. At the last display there were about fifty people present.

One of these pictures represented an African desert love idyll, with a naked negro and negress as the principal actors. The negro acts as an animal and attacks and assaults the negress with every appearance of vicious savagery. The five pounds a head audience applauded this lascivious film loudly.

In another scene a film pair, "actor" and "actress" are dressed as school boy and school girl and are shown walking along a footpath across the cornfields. After many childish sallies the boy attempts to assault the girl, who repulses him, laughs at him, and finally encourages him to indecency of the grossest character.

The takings in this case came to two hundred and fifty pounds, which gives one an idea of the money that is involved in this appalling trade.

We urge the police to take counsel with the Customs authorities, and to investigate the immunity of the Indian Princes, whose agents are constantly travelling between Paris and London.

If they do, they will find the trail of the whole disgusting and abominable traffic.

THE HOUNDED BORSTAL BOY

No Food—No Shelter—No Mercy

The horrors of the Borstal system cannot be too strongly condemned. Here is a case of a boy, terrified by his experiences at such an institution, receiving no mercy from a Magistrate.

WET, cold, shivering and hungry, helpless and homeless. That was the position in which a youth called Walter Rawlings found himself the other night—and alone in London.

Poor Rawlings was an ex-Borstal boy. His one idea was to get sleep, food and shelter—without committing a crime. He knew how heavily the iron hand of the law comes down on an ex-Borstal boy who gives way to temptation.

He tried for safety. He went up to a policeman and asked, with sobs of weakness and despair, for advice.

The policeman was kind and sympathetic. He thought the best thing to do was to bring the lad before the magistrate.

The magistrate also thought over the best thing he could do for the lad who wanted food and a bed. He gave him both—together with a sentence of two months hard labour *for loitering!*

This sentence was inflicted last week at the North London Police Court by Mr. Samuel Pope, J.P.

Why did the magistrate inflict so savage a sentence? Because the poor boy refused to go to Hollesley Bay Farm Colony.

Hollesley Bay, the place of despair, perfected by the wreckage of the world of crime, the dissolute, the dispirited, the down and out.

The place where the inmates work like galley-slaves, helpless and hopeless, where they are fed on barest and coarsest food, and paid the perfectly scandalous wage of two shillings and sixpence a week.

Poor Rawlings believed that the world—he is only twenty—held something better for him than this.

The magistrate has shown him what it is. The story turns one sick with shame and horror.

In this case poor Rawlings sobbingly declares that he was disowned by his father—because of the Borstal taint.

Alone, broken, driven from home, helpless, hungry, wet and shivering—and sent not to a home to be cheered and comforted and set on his feet—but to jail with hard labour. A damned shame!

We have protested, earnestly and repeatedly, against this system of cruelty and savagery and stupidity. How long will Mr. Bridgeman, the new Home Secretary, turn a deaf ear to our demand for a complete enquiry that will show up the naked horror of this wicked and fraudulent institution, that masks as kindness and philanthropy, and destroys the lives it pretends to save?

Mr. Shortt, the late Home Secretary, tried to stifle our criticism with a bogus and whitewashing enquiry, supposed to be conducted by himself and really carried out by a Commissioner of Prisons.

The unsuitability of Portland Prison, with all its criminal associations, as a Borstal Institution: the farce of tuition in trades that leaves ex-graduates of Borstal to be arrested for homelessness and loitering: the scandal of the Borstal Associations, which get money from the public to help ex-Borstal boys, and leave them —with a donation of five shillings—stranded in the hour of their greatest difficulty: the number of suicides—before and after leaving Borstal: the proportion of ex-Borstal boys who become wrecks, street-beggars, wastrels and criminals, whom it is nobody's business, apparently, to help or save.

The investigation should also deal with the disciplinary conditions at Borstal Institutes, the allegations of immorality between officials and boys, the helpless creatures who would do anything to escape from the torture of solitary confinement, the admitted practice of putting little girls in chains, the flogging of boys in double-doored cells, where their anguished cries cannot be heard, the barbarity of "dietary punishment," and the complete failure of the system to help those it is supposed to help.

If Mr. Bridgeman will order a real enquiry, not a mere departmental trick to enable officials to cloak their failure, he will do something that will not only reflect credit on himself, but will do a real service to an unhappy class that must otherwise continue to pay, with broken lives, the penalty of ignorant and hypocritical statesmanship.

THE LOW-WATER-MARK

A Warning to Amateur Speculators

WHO is Dr. Bresin, of 50, Pall Mall, S.W., who is described as a financial expert of first rank?

We ask because he is the Chairman and Managing Director of a financial corporation called by the strange title, the Union Franco-Anglaise de Banque, Ltd.

Before people invest their money in this concern, which proposes to collect German marks from people who have been buying them for purposes of speculation, and to pay for them, not in cash but in shares in the Banque, they ought to ask why this concern, which was registered in 1912, has done no business till recently.

The Banque offers to buy marks at the current price and for every pound's worth to give two eight per cent. participating shares.

That is only the beginning. The Banque is to contract with a German syndicate which will buy back the marks at five thousand to the pound within ten years—or something like twenty times their current value.

What a profitable transaction! He does not tell us how it is to be done. He does not tell us of any effective guarantees that it will be done.

What is to happen if Germany repudiates its marks on a certain day and regards as valid only those issued after such a date.

The whole thing reads like a fairy tale, like the story told by the famous optimist who proposed to catch larks when the heavens fell, or his comrade in good cheer, who proposed to get sunlight out of cucumbers or, in the alternative, gold from sea-water.

If German marks recover, those who hold them will get their reward without the aid of the wonderful Dr. Bresin, who foresaw the fall of the mark.

If they do not, how can any German syndicate pay twenty or ten times their value. Germany can't pay its debts. It certainly cannot afford to present money to English shareholders.

We repeat our advice—let the Union Banque, etc., alone. Do not believe in Hun Syndicates that are going to treat you with lavish generosity.

It's *your* money they want. Disappoint them!

Amazing High Court Revelations

Phenomenal Transactions under the Cloak of Law.

IS there any limit to the profits which antique dealers may legitimately claim? In the following article we call attention to an astounding series of disclosures in the High Court which go to the very foundations of commercial morality. It is important that the public should appreciate the bearings of this remarkable case.

THE harsh and unholy word "profiteering" is seldom heard within the stately purlieus of the Royal Courts of Justice. It is a vulgar, shopkeeping phrase which the lawyers scorn to use.

In polite circles the rule that customers should pay up and look pleasant is generally observed, and only very occasionally does a squabble about prices engage the time of the Supreme Court.

When it does, it is apt to be interesting, and it will be a thousand pities if the amazing facts brought to light in the case of Shrager *v.* Dighton and Lawrence are allowed to escape the attention of the general public.

This extraordinary action, commonly known as the "Antique Furniture Case," was disposed of last week by one of the Official Referees, Sir Edward Pollock, and resulted in a verdict for the defendants, with costs.

It is not for us to impugn the judgment of the Official Referee, but we venture to say that when the truth of this matter is brought home to the public there will be a widespread feeling of amazement that, on the facts disclosed, such a decision should be possible.

The plaintiff in this action, Mr. Adolphe Shrager, was a collector of antique furniture, and the defendants, Mr. Basil Lewis Dighton and Mr. Harry Walton Lawrence, were dealers in antiques. This does not mean that they kept a shop in the ordinary vulgar way. Oh, dear, no!

The defendant Dighton had a private house in Savile Row, with a modest brass plate on the door bearing his name, the trade description, "Basil Dighton, Ltd.," being inconspicuously displayed in the area beneath. To all appearances Mr. Dighton was simply a private gentleman with a taste in antiques.

The rooms of his house were sumptuously furnished, and it was only in the most delicate manner that customers were made aware of the fact that furniture was for sale. As for the defendant Lawrence, we may accept his own description of himself in the witness box as "a glorified salesman" for Dighton. In reality, of course, the pair were regular furniture dealers, and it was at this tastefully-bedecked house in Savile Row that in due course negotiations were opened with Mr. Adolphe Shrager.

In relating the full story of this amazing case we are relying exclusively upon the sworn evidence of the witnesses called to give evidence for the furniture dealers, and we desire to make it clear at the outset that, according to the judgment of Sir Edward Pollock, there was no imputation upon the conduct of Messrs. Dighton and Lawrence.

It goes forth to the world, upon the authority of the Official Referee, that what Dighton and Lawrence did other dealers may do without let or hindrance. It is unfortunate that Mr. Adolphe Shrager should feel aggrieved over his transactions with the Savile Row dealers, but he has lost his case, and there's an end of it. Possibly Mr. Shrager was an unreasonable buyer and deserved to be disappointed. We shall see.

It was in 1919 that Dighton began to buy furniture for Shrager on what was practically a commission basis, assuring his client that he should have "the right thing at a reasonable price."

Before the Official Referee the term "reasonable" in this connection was obligingly defined by Mr. Lawrence as "what the vendor chose to think reasonable."

With equal candour Mr. Dighton admitted that his profits on a Tompion clock, bought and sold within a month, were over five hundred per cent.! A tapestry fire-screen, bought by the dealers for £220, was sold to Shrager for £650. A blue lacquer cabinet, purchased for £133, realised £850 when disposed of to Mr. Shrager.

Indeed, the whole array of figures in these amazing deals is of such interest that we propose to set out the principal items in full.

	Bought by Basil Dighton Limited:	*Sold to Shrager for:*
15 Chippendale Mahogany chairs	£630	£1,150
William and Mary Chest	£91	£260
Pair of Cream Lacquer Cabinets ..	£790 10s.	£1,250
4 William and Mary Chairs and 4 Stools	£239 10s.	£1,450
6 William and Mary Chairs	£174	£930
10 Chippendale Chairs and 2 Settees ..	£1,600	£3,000
Pair of Chippendale Side Tables ..	£600	£1,100
Lacquer Writing Bureau	£43	£800

These articles, we need hardly say, were never marked in plain figures. For the purpose of their business Messrs. Dighton and Lawrence had a code, the letters of which, we note, made up the sentence "Make Us Rich"!

Now let us be perfectly clear about all this. If the judgment of Sir Edward Pollock is to be accepted—as it must be till it is reversed—there is nothing illegal in these transactions. In the action brought to recover his money from Messrs. Dighton and Lawrence on the ground of fraud and misrepresentation, Mr. Adolphe Shrager completely failed.

The Official Referee apparently accepted Mr. Lawrence's contention that a reasonable price was "what the vendor chose to think reasonable," and although it is clear, upon the above figures, that he paid through the nose for everything he bought, Mr. Shrager had no redress. The dealers had kept strictly within the law while nicely acting up to their maxim "Make Us Rich."

This might not have been quite so bad if the plaintiff had actually received the genuine antiques he thought he was buying at these fabulous prices. At this point we make further acquaintance with the inner workings of the antique business. It was disclosed in evidence, for example, that a piece of furniture described as "a genuine Chippendale settee" had been extensively repaired with hard wood and supplied with a new arm. This priceless gem was sold for £300!

The expert witness admitted that it was "not made by Chippendale," but declared nevertheless that it was "quite correctly described." In regard to a "Chippendale fretwork cabinet" another expert stated that, while he "could not say the cabinet was Chippendale," it was nevertheless "quite right to call it Chippendale."

These little terminological inexactitudes are, it appears, part and parcel of the antique furniture business, and in view of Sir Edward Pollock's judgment we have to add that bargains concluded on these unsatisfactory terms enjoy the protection of the law. But what about commercial morality? Can it be argued that these transactions were in all respects fair and above board?

We find, to take another example, that in July, 1920, a dealer named Benjamin bought six walnut chairs for £210. In the following October Benjamin sold a half share in this bargain to Basil Dighton, the chairs by this time being grandiloquently described as "six carved walnut Queen Anne chairs." In April, 1921, when it was time to dispose of this particular lot to Shrager, the description had again been changed, and it was as "six William and Mary chairs" that these antiques were finally disposed of for £950.

This sort of thing is not fraud by the law of England; it is just as well, therefore, that the public should understand the recognised customs of the antique furniture trade.

One crowning instance completes this part of the story. Among the costly items purchased by Mr. Shrager was some panelling described as an "old oak room from Royston Hall." The defendants' witnesses admitted, however, that the panelling did not constitute a room in the ordinary sense of the word, but that a quantity of old wood found in a dairy at Royston had been matched and made up to the required dimensions.

The "Royston Hall" touch was apparently pure fantasy, there being actually no residence of this name within the confines of the United Kingdom. And not even here would Sir Edward Pollock come to the rescue of Mr. Adolphe Shrager. The pretty ways of antique dealers do not contravene the law. The Dightons and Lawrences are not in business for their health; "Make Us Rich" is their motto. Let the buyer beware!

We have said enough to indicate the amazing character of the judgment given by Sir Edward Pollock. So remarkable does the business appear that we are determined to look a little more closely into the whole circumstances of this case.

Even now it is doubtful if the whole damaging truth has been brought to light. At the moment we will say no more than that it is not only at the Old Bailey and in the Divorce Court that first-class sensations are to be looked for. Next week we propose to return to the subject, and the further information we have constitutes another amazing chapter in the annals of the Courts.

A MOVIE MUG HUNTER

Bogus Film Producer's Fade-Away

THE stock-in-trade of the complete movie mug hunter is very simple and inexpensive.

Sydney W. Northcote's merely consists of elaborate note-paper with the heading Northcote Film Productions, Park Chambers, Park Street, Lytham, Lancs.

He replied to an advertisement asking for employment in a position of trust, inserted in a daily newspaper by Mr. W. T. Carter, of Westminster Bridge Road.

An interview was arranged at a single roomed office in Shaftesbury Avenue, and here he described in glowing colours the immense possibilities of the film production business.

As a result of this flapdoodle Carter was induced to hand over £50 as a security returnable at the end of twelve months, and was engaged as property master at a salary of £5 a week, a job which never materialised.

Northcote almost immediately betook himself to Bristol, where Carter's £50 enabled him to put up in style at one of the biggest hotels. There he induced a young woman to give him a cash security in return for a worthless contract engaging her as a film artist for twelve months at a commencing salary of £2 10s. a week.

Carter, unable to obtain his money, went to the police, and a warrant for Northcote's arrest was about to be applied for when he secured a respite by paying £18 on account.

We shall watch with interest for the final fade-away of this plausible movie mug hunter.

(Copyright in U.S.A.)

The King of Depravity

WE reveal here a new plot of that debauchee,—Crowley, to procure fresh victims for his unspeakable infamies, which have again been brought to light by the mysterious death of his "Secretary," a young Oxford man, in his latest Lust Temple in Sicily.

IT is over twelve years ago since JOHN BULL first exposed the corrupting infamies of that arch-traitor, debauchee and drug-fiend, Aleister Crowley, whose unspeakable malpractices are said to have driven his former wife and at least one other of his victims mad, while they have already ruined the lives of numerous cultured and refined women and young men, one of whom—a brilliant young writer and University man—has just died under mysterious circumstances at Crowley's so-called "Abbey" of Thelema, in Cefalu, Sicily.

Crowley, spirit incarnate of depravity and deviltry, has a long record of black and treacherous infamy. Educated at Cambridge, the sacred pillars of which he was not fit to touch, he travelled a great deal in his youth and, some twenty years ago, established himself in a remote part of Scotland, some miles north of Fort William. Here he built a Temple of Mystery, in which he carried on his revolting malpractices, under the guise of studying the Cabala. At this time he described himself as the laird of Boleskine.

* * * *

Later he went to China, and returned to England to open another sexual Chamber of Horrors in London.

When war came, Crowley left his London life of lust and lechery, and disdainfully discarded his many ruined and disgraced pupils. Like so many other British traitors, he found refuge in America, where, with a variety of aliases, he gave himself up to the service of Germany.

The young wife of this last victim had a narrow escape from Crowley's clutches, and has been seen since her arrival in London by one of our Special Investigators.

The information we have brought to light concerning the latest discovered deviltries of this wretch may be detailed briefly.

He ingratiated himself into the confidence of the brilliant young Oxford man who now lies dead.

With his usual lust for exploiting talented young men and women for his own debased ends, he offered the unsuspecting young fellow — a writer of much promise, who was keenly interested in the occult sciences of which Crowley is an unquestioned master—a post as his secretary.

This young man, had recently married a very beautiful girl, well known in London's artistic circles. There is no doubt that the prospect of getting this beautiful young bride into his power induced Crowley to make his offer to the young husband. His idea was to lure the couple to his Abode of Lust in Cefalu, Sicily, where everyone in his "Order" is compelled to obey every injunction and wish of his under threat of death.

We have also succeeded in obtaining sufficient information to confirm the amazing and horrible revelations made by the twenty-year-old widow of Crowley's latest victim. We are claiming for her police protection from the emissary who has just arrived from Sicily to get her back.

This woman—for his emissary is a well-known film actress who left Los Angeles to join his "colony" at Cefalu—has been under our observation ever since she left the Abbey.

For the moment we withhold her name lest it should cause embarrassment to certain innocent persons whom she has already approached since her arrival in England last week after having been delayed at Rome and Palermo over some trouble with her passport. It is, however, only fair to record that—according to information which we obtained from an unsuspecting but reliable source—this woman, until her departure from America to join Crowley, enjoyed a high social as well as professional reputation in Los Angeles, and seems an absolutely sincere but devoted dupe of this man, under whose hypnotic influence she has, however, become addicted to heroin and other noxious drugs. We are also aware of at least one of the sources of the supply of the drugs which have long played a leading part in Crowley's plan of campaign and in the bestial excesses which he practises in the Abbey.

* * * *

Some of Crowley's assets, besides an uncanny influence over, and unholy attraction for women, are a very persuasive tongue, a glib and deceptive hypocrisy, and—on occasion—a most ingratiating manner. Many highly intelligent women—and even men—have been convinced that the Master Therion (as Crowley calls himself) is a Saint, to discover too late a devil possessed of indubitable occult powers. It is these mysterious powers which, used as they are, make Crowley one of the most dangerous men alive.

It was, therefore, an easy matter for the Beast to lure this young and unsuspecting married couple to Cefalu.

Once in the rock-bound Abbey of Thelema, however, they quickly found that they had been trapped by an obscene and filthy devil in human form. They resisted the monster and his drug-maddened women with all the strength they could when they found that Crowley's purpose in luring them into the close confinement and terrifying "discipline" of his infamous Abbey was to corrupt them both to his own, vile ends.

* * * *

Suddenly the husband fell mysteriously ill, leaving the girl-wife alone to fight the Beast. She bravely defied him, and says that Crowley turned her out that night. Within twenty-four hours of his seizure the young husband died. The doctor from Cefalu, who was called in diagnosed the mysterious and fatal malady as acute enteritis, we are told, but "was puzzled at the cause and at certain peculiarities in the nature of the attack" which so quickly ended in death.

In the light of the disclosures we have already made, and of those we shall make in subsequent articles based upon authoritative information and documents in our possession, we unhesitatingly demand:—

(1) A post-mortem examination by the Italian police authorities upon this unfortunate young Englishman and a searching inquiry into the activities of the "Abbey" and of its nefarious Master.

(2) That a close observation be maintained by Scotland Yard of the movements of Crowley's present woman-emissary in London and that they see that she leaves this country unaccompanied by anyone.

(3) That the Home Office, which is already in possession of more than sufficient evidence to justify grave criminal charges being preferred against him, demand the extradition of Crowley.

ROOTING OUT THE DOPE GANGS . . . Hundreds of Arrests follow our Exposures

THE immunity which the dope gangs have so long enjoyed in this country is at last seriously threatened. Following the exposures of JOHN BULL, in which we told the full story of the infamous secret murder society called the Chung Yee Tong, which actually had the insolence to threaten the Editor of this journal with death, the police have made a great round up of alien suspects, and as many as 200 arrests have been made, mostly in the Chinese quarters of London.

The significance of this development is obvious. But so far only the fringe of the problem has been touched. The traffic has spread all over London, and to the big seaport cities, such as Liverpool, Cardiff, and Hull. Many of its chief figures are well-known, and are still at large.

In addition to the Chinese traffickers there are a number of West African negroes engaged in this trade, who are not so clever, perhaps, but just as unscrupulous. Their leader is a coloured "Doctor," who purports to practice in the West End of London. His specialty is inducing women of doubtful character to peddle cocaine for him. He constantly calls upon them at their flats, often at a very late hour at night, urging them to take from him, for a five-pound note, a packet of "snow" which he explains to them can be sold for twenty pounds or more—according to the customer. He also persistently offers bribes to employees in West End millinery and costumery shops to "push" the dope upon such of their customers as are known to be living a gay life, and to have money to burn.

There are two well-known night clubs in the West End, and a boarding house in St. John's Wood, which are regularly frequented by Chinese dope purveyors. They do not carry the dope with them, but meet to make arrangements for its sale. The wholesale supplies are in charge of a well-known Chinese, who is one of the leaders of the Chung Yee Tong gang, and who keeps wholesale stocks in underground dens at Limehouse.

Amongst the best-known people employed for distribution are the girls Nancy and Stella, who are to be found playing their part in the night life of the circles frequented by the Chinese dope traffickers, one of whom, by the way, is still in this country, although recently he made arrangements for a rapid departure.

Dope is still being brought into this country by Chinese seamen, who bring it from Sambo and Boukum, two islands near Singapore, and smuggle it through the London Docks. It is known that big quantities have got through both at Thameshaven and Shellhaven, two ports in the lower reaches of the Thames. There is nothing easier than to bring cocaine ashore in seamen's dunnage and carry it up to London.

When ships are lying in the Thames the cookery is frequently done for officers and crew on shore, and all sorts of things are landed for this purpose. There are always Chinese loafers loitering about, and it is the simplest thing in the world for them to get the dope.

An illuminating case came before the Bow Street Police Court the other day, when a man named MacPherson was convicted of carrying cocaine which came from Germany, and which he brought through the Customs in the heels of his false-bottomed shoes. He got six months in the second division, though why Mr. Leycester, the Magistrate, qualified his punishment is not easy to understand.

The sentence is interesting in view of the admission by the Home Secretary, Mr. Bridgeman, in Parliament the other day, of the serious nature of the cocaine and opium menace and of his appeal to Parliament for powers to extend the maximum punishment up to ten years' penal servitude.

Our revelations concerning this dreadful traffic have attracted the attention not only of Scotland Yard, and of the police throughout the country, but also of important interests in America, where the problem is similarly acute.

We welcome international co-operation in our crusade, which, though it has proved very effective so far, has still to cope with the world-wide developments of this secret gang of unscrupulous and dangerous miscreants.

THE LAW OF ADULTERY

Are Women Offenders Worse Than Men?

by ARNOLD BENNETT

THERE is a project for changing the divorce laws so that the two sexes shall stand equal before them. The chief alteration concerns adultery. As things are, a wife can be divorced for simple adultery. A husband may commit as much adultery as he chooses, but, provided he sins outside the conjugal abode and does not add to his sexual misconduct other misconduct, his wife is powerless to divorce him. This anomaly, which reformers desire to abolish, springs from the immemorial primitive recognition of the broad fact that whereas woman is instinctively monogamous, man is instinctively polygamous. The fact may be deplorable, shocking, monstrous, anything you like; but a fact it is.

A girl or woman who permits herself any sexual irregularity is still condemned by both men and women. A man who does the same is, generally speaking, condemned by neither men nor women. He can hold up his head with the most saintly, and will indeed be preferred by the majority of people to the stricter exponents of morality. It is unquestionable that that highly moral poet, Wordsworth, went up in the popular esteem and love when, a few years ago, it was publicly announced and admitted that he had had an intrigue with, and a child by, an unmarried French girl in France. Such is the real attitude of mankind, whatever mankind may preach or pretend to the contrary.

WORDSWORTH, however, was not an adulterer. The adulterer is in a worse case. And yet even a male adulterer is much less severely criticised than a female adulteress. And tens of thousands of husbands, whose consciences would not permit them to go bankrupt fraudulently, would on mild provocation be ready to commit adultery, and their sleep would be disturbed by nothing except the fear of being found out; whereas with wives the feeling is usually quite otherwise.

All of which is not an argument in favour of superior laxity for husbands. The husband who sins wrongs his wife deeply. If he is found out he arouses in her a justifiable jealousy and a stinging sense of humiliation. He breaks his vow to her and his contract with her. And though his conscience may excuse him for the act itself, it cannot excuse him for the damage, moral and spiritual, done to his wife. A husband who deceives the wife with whom he lives may for various reasons be able to exonerate himself in his own eyes; but he surely cannot maintain that his wife is not entitled to dissolve legally the union which he was the first to break. If a man is persuaded that nature compels men to be polygamous, then he should not legally bind himself to one woman. He ought to have the courage of his opinions.

I CAN therefore see no particle of a reason why the husband's adultery should not be exactly as good a ground for divorce as the wife's adultery, and I am in favour of the existing law being altered. It is bound to be altered. It is an affront to common-sense, and a relic of barbarism.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"SCOUT":—"The HEAVY POUNDING OF FEET told him that the men were again after him. IT WAS ALL CARRIED OUT IN SILENCE."

"EVENING STANDARD":—"I found four EMPTY tins containing 'Winterwash Weedkiller' and 'Eureka Weedkiller,' ALL HALF FULL."

"PEG'S COMPANION":—"We are the living likeness of each other—it seems almost like SPEAKING TO MYSELF when I LOOK AT YOU."

"ALDINE DETECTIVE TALES":—"With the death mask upon his face, therefore, HIS ARMS BOUND TIGHTLY BEHIND HIM."

"WEST BRITON" (advertisement):—"Wanted, WHITE Wyandotte; ANY COLOUR."

"SMART FICTION":—"She scooped a HARD, SOFT-BOILED egg out of its shell."

"CHAMPION":—"Then, from a great distance off, there came a DEEP, RINGING TRUMPETING. The noise was only uttered once, a SHRILL, PENETRATING NOTE."

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

VERY few people know anything about Sir Henry Duke. He is naturally secretive. In governmental circles he is called a "safe" man. This means that he can be trusted to take on any job and not make a mess of it; also that he can be trusted not to blab. He has stood and weathered every imaginable official test. He has acted as arbitrator in big disputes and never given the game away to either side—a tribute to his admirable tact. He has been chairman of several ticklish Royal Commissions and never failed to get to the root of an enquiry in an amicable manner. And although he was Secretary for Ireland during those troublous years 1916-18, he was not threatened with instant death more than once a month.

Sir HENRY DUKE.

HE is a model chairman of committee, always conciliatory, never over-bearing. Without treading on people's corns, he manages to pump them by a display of confidence which is admirably assumed for the occasion, and which his interviewers never seem to see through. His manner "draws" them; but they find, when they think it over afterwards, that they have confided in him most completely without the slightest exchange of confidence on his part.

"Duke's a splendid fellow," said Mr. Lloyd George; "and if only he had driving power, none of us would be safe. Fortunately he's content to do his job." Which is really an excellent summary of the man. His sole ambition in life is to do his job and do it as well as he can. He hasn't the kind of temperament that impels a man to snatch at power.

In private life he is easy-going and voluble. But the manner has been acquired, and the matter consists of conversational common-places—neither reveals the inner man. Not a soul outside his most intimate circle has the least notion what he is thinking about; and his real nature, apparently so simple on the surface, is carefully camouflaged by the respectable polish of his social address. He is as difficult to read as a tablet of hieroglyphics.

THOUGH a born sentimentalist, he has allowed his sense of humour to get the better of his sense of pity. There was a time when humanity made him want to cry. Now it makes him want to laugh. In his judicial capacity he manages to control his amusement; though he has had to adopt certain physical tricks in order to cover up the fact that he is secretly shaking with laughter.

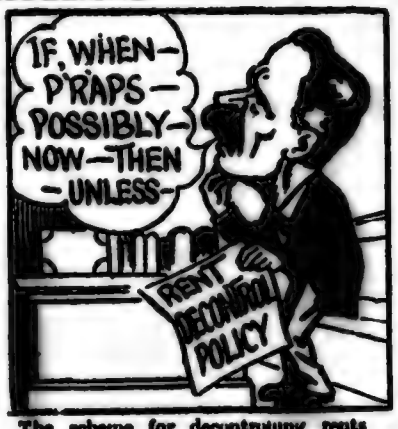
I once saw him blinking his eyes with such velocity and pouting his mouth so violently that the witness in the box was visibly frightened out of his wits at the effect of his evidence and wondered whether he had committed contempt of court. But Sir Henry was merely undergoing an internal spasm of mirth. Sometimes on these occasions he will pull himself up with a great effort and instantly assume an air of such appalling severity that it is difficult for anyone who is watching him not to explode.

BUT what places him in a totally different category from Mr. Justice Darling and other legal luminaries of that class is the fact that he can enjoy his own jokes without expecting every one else to howl with delight.

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

We found a place for him when war
Raged round us fierce and grim,
But now the land he battled for
Has got no use for him.



The scheme for decontrolling rents
Seems yet far from a fixture,
With "ifs" and "whens" and "nows"
and "thens"
Its quite a Mitcham mixture.

When spooks begin to chuck about
Your furniture and crocks,
There's some excuse for making use
Of spells unorthodox.

Tho' from the fold he's wandered far
This lesson he's been learning
That east or west, still Home is best,
And so he's now returning.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. A. BONAR LAW, M.P.,
Prime Minister.

SIR,—May I intrude for a moment upon your tranquillity to tell you something you will not learn from Lord Curzon and some others of your colleagues? The profiteers are at it again. Food prices are going up. Coal is going up, because the Germans who can't pay reparations can pay to keep their industrial magnates safe. Fish is dear, though there are gluts of it at Hull and other places. Why not tackle this urgent problem at once? There can be no tranquillity in a country suffering from over-taxation and extortion. Forget that blessed word Mesopotamia and help us to look after ourselves. Statesmanship—like charity—should begin at home.

JOHN BULL.

To the MARQUIS CURZON,
The Foreign Office.

MY LORD,—You are traditionally a "most superior person," and you have given me a shock by talking with contempt of the policy of universal "skedaddle." Presumably you mean "scuttle"—a well-defined maritime term. But the people who want our troops withdrawn from Mespot and Palestine and Baghdad are the people who have to foot the bill—and they can't afford it. We have not all inherited fortunes—we less "superior persons." Heavy taxation means unemployment. Have the high officials concealed this from you at the Foreign Office? If so, don't you think they ought to be made to "skedaddle"?

JOHN BULL.

To Sir ARCHIBALD H. BODKIN, K.C.,
Public Prosecutor.

SIR,—You have signed the report of the Committee on Alterations in Criminal Procedure, and most people will agree that there can be no harm in allowing magistrates to deal with "stealing a dog after previous conviction"—not a very clear expression. But don't you think it more important to teach the ordinary magistrate some law? Some of their sentences are hopelessly absurd. They ought to be able, no doubt, to deal with making false statements to secure passports. It is more important that the passport officials should be taught to be less gullible in this matter. I am still waiting to be told why the woman Field, sentenced a week or two ago, was allowed to take children out of the country to be exploited—without meeting the passport regulations.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir ROBERT PERKS,
Southern Railway Company.

SIR,—You state that you intend to oppose the extension of the Underground system in South London, because it will seriously affect the traffic of your company. Do you really think you can keep the Underground out of South London in order to keep up your dividends? Do you think the South London public have no rights, except by your kind consent? Sir, competition is the life of trade. Wake up. Don't believe you are going to be left a monopoly unassailed and unassailable. The convenience of the public *is*, and must be, the first law.

JOHN BULL.

ANOTHER FAKED HORSE!

JOHN BULL: "Why not stop your whitewashing—you can't 'fake' a dud horse into a winner?"

To the Rt. Hon. W. C. BRIDGEMAN, M.P.,
Home Secretary.

SIR,—Why not imitate the action of other countries and put a tax on aliens, whether they come to settle down in Stepney or in Park Lane? We do not want alien workers to come here and take the bread out of the mouths of our workers, many of them unemployed ex-soldiers. What of the hotels, full of foreign waiters? Don't you think you ought to take this matter up? What is the use of telling me that you do not issue permits to aliens unless you are satisfied that there are no Britishers who can do the work these aliens can do? No British waiters, for example, out of work! Please don't talk such nonsense.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JUSTICE ROWLATT,
The Law Courts.

MY LORD,—You sentenced to seven days' imprisonment a man named Harry Beagley, for assaulting a girl of fourteen, who is about to become a mother. Poor little child. The women of Aldershot, outraged by this astonishing sentence, have called a mass meeting of indignant protest. I share their astonishment and their indignation. My Lord, have you any daughters or grand-daughters of your own?

JOHN BULL.

To FREDERICK SHINGLETON, Esq.,
Ex-President, London Master Builders' Association.

SIR,—You have put your finger on the weak spot of the housing question when you say that materials are costing too much and labour is not giving the output of which it is capable. Labour demands high wages because the builders' merchants are profiteering by charging £52 for wood that cost £16 before the war. While this kind of squabbling is going on the country suffers. Keep these facts before the public. That is the only way to get the Government to wake up. We shall not get out of our troubles if we allow Downing Street to be a rest-cure home for politicians.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JUSTICE ROCHE,
Durham Assizes.

MY LORD,—You are quite right in saying that half the cases in the criminal calendar are due to the mentally unfit. But when you go on to ask why the medical faculty does not demand the sterilization of the unfit—as in some American States—you come up against a very tough problem. Who is to be the judge of the unfit? There are lunatics in Bedlam much wiser than some of the people in Mayfair, whose mode of life has been exposed in recent fashionable divorce cases. Would you not have these people sterilized too? Some of them are obviously unfit for parent-hood.

JOHN BULL.

To Councillor HAROLD ERNEST,
Stockton.

YOU BRUTE,—You and your friend George Grabham are lucky not to be in jail to-day. Between you, you kicked a poor cat to death, breaking its teeth and ribs. The member of the crowd who shouted to you to come outside and be kicked yourself may have been impolite. He was extraordinarily accurate in interpreting public feeling. You were fined £25—and escaped jail. What you cannot escape is the contempt of all decent people for the low-down ruffianism and cowardly brutality for which you were convicted. Hide your head in shame when the name of one of God's dumb creatures is mentioned.

JOHN BULL.

To Lord ROBERT CECIL, K.C., M.P.,
Grosvenor Square.

MY LORD,—You complain that we neglect brains in this country. Agreed. But do not confine your attention to the electrical engineering trade. What about the House of Commons? Why not organise a crusade to improve the quality of brains there? You will find plenty of room for improvement, and fulfil, as the prefaces say, a long-felt want.

JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

The Stopes Libel Action

IT was in the columns of JOHN BULL that the objectionable methods employed by Dr. Marie Stopes in her money-making propaganda of birth-control were first denounced. Unfortunately, the talented author of "Married Love" decided not to try conclusions with this journal in the Courts, and it became the privilege of a public-spirited medical man, Dr. Halliday Sutherland, to press the attack home.

The result is now universally known. The jury found that the strictures of Dr. Sutherland, severe as they might be, were true in substance and in fact, and upon this verdict the Lord Chief Justice entered judgment for the defendants with costs.

The moral atmosphere of the nation is the cleaner for this decision. No decent person who has read the erotic outpourings of Dr. Stopes can pretend that her books are fit for general circulation. It must be known to their author that these "bundles of muck," as they were elegantly but not inaptly described by Dr. Sutherland's counsel, are on sale in London and other large cities side by side with other packages of dirt; and the manifest indifference of Dr. Stopes to the moral danger involved in such indiscriminate circulation robs her of all claim to public sympathy.

It may be very cogently argued that in these days some form of birth control is a regrettable necessity in many families, and that knowledge of the best available means for this purpose ought not to be withheld from the poor. But when it comes to teaching married people to limit their families it is entirely a question of method, and no decent justification can be found for a campaign which seeks to disseminate in the guise of scientific knowledge a blend of romance, physiology and downright indecency scarcely paralleled in the whole realm of literature.

Over the pretensions of Dr. Marie Stopes that she is a "prophet of God" we need waste no time. More to the point are the profits of Mammon which have accrued from the sale of her books to rich and poor, married and unmarried, old and young.

Black and White

AT the Durham Assizes last week a sentence of six months' imprisonment was passed upon Richard Doreen, a coloured seaman, charged with the abduction of a fifteen-year-old English girl. This sharp penalty should serve as a warning to other black adventurers. There are far too many of these dusky seducers in our midst, and we are glad to recognise that the long campaign we have waged for the protection of white girls against their wiles is beginning to bear fruit.

The evil of association between black men and white women needs no demonstration. The code of morals obtaining among the coloured races, especially in regard to women, differs fundamentally from our own ethical conceptions, and the girl who trusts herself to the slimy tenderness of the coloured man is asking for shame and anguish.

The extent to which this evil has grown within recent years is appalling. In the centre of London, as well as in the East End, colonies of dissolute blacks are to be found, and our own investigations prove conclusively that the great majority of these unwelcome visitors from overseas are living upon the immoral earnings of white women. The scandal is one which cries aloud for the intervention of the police, who, for some reason or other, betray a strange reluctance to break up these nests of iniquity.

Incidentally, the black man, hardly less than the Chinaman, is an energetic agent in the distribution of dope, and we can, if necessary, place the authorities in possession of information which will enable them to close one of the main channels of this devastating traffic. The worst of these black plague spots are at the ports, in the Limehouse and Poplar districts, and in the provinces at Liverpool, Cardiff, and Newcastle.

Occasionally, of course, marriage is the bait offered by the negro schemer. Too often the fate of the white girl married to a coloured man is worse than that of the woman who, under coloured patronage, plies the trade of the streets. The whole problem calls for the attention of the authorities. As in other matters, we shall not shrink from publicity in the effort to cleanse our social life of this ugly stain.

Pussyfoot in the Schools

IT is undoubtedly right that children should be taught the virtue of temperance. In regard to drink there are obvious dangers against which young people should be warned, and the teacher who failed to point them out would be neglecting his duty. So much is common ground. But it is a far cry from this to the fanatical teetotal propaganda which for years past the Band of Hope Union has been permitted to carry on in the elementary schools.

As far as we know, no other outside body is allowed the run of the schools for the purpose of airing its pet theories. But Pussyfoot is a privileged person, and as soon as he arrives with his bag of chemical tricks to demonstrate to little Willie what horrible things happen to father when he drinks a glass of beer, the arms of the authorities are wide open to receive him. We can imagine what would happen to the Licensed Victuallers' Association, if they in their turn made an application to be heard, as it were, in mitigation of sentence.

We have some personal experience of these Band of Hope lectures, and, being anxious always to speak with restraint on matters of controversy, we will say no more than that some of the statements contained in them, purporting to be based upon scientific fact, would bring a blush to the cheek of Ananias. It is ever the way of fanaticism to mislead, distort, exaggerate. The proper way to teach people temperance is to tell them the truth in sober accents, and for this task teachers and parents are more fitted than the paid hacks of the Pussyfoot movement, who have no right to the use of the schools.

Dead Sea Fruit

THE Panel system is doomed. Indeed, the whole scheme of National Health Insurance will sooner or later have to be revised in the light of present-day needs. But we must begin with the panels. It is safe to say that no system has ever more completely disappointed the hopes of its promoters than that which governs the relations of doctors and patients under the Insurance Act. In the main the medical treatment received by the panel patient is careless, haphazard, unsympathetic.

These are serious charges, but we make them with a full sense of responsibility, and on the strength of complaints reaching us from almost every town and city in the United Kingdom. That there are honourable exceptions to this general rule we gladly acknowledge; there are panel doctors who have a high sense of duty and who do not regard courtesy as an "extra" to be conceded only to fee-paying patients. Not infrequently our readers pay grateful tribute to these large-hearted members of a great profession; nevertheless, in the main we are satisfied that the complaints of patients are only too well founded.

Nor is it simply a question of manners. In a great many cases hasty diagnosis and perfunctory treatment expose the unhappy patient to very real peril. As a result there is a want of confidence between panel patients and their medical attendants which seriously militates against the health of the community.

In our view it is a radically unsound principle to pay doctors a lump sum annually in respect of the medical care of a large number of persons, regardless of the amount of work done, or of the degree of success attending their efforts. A system of payment by visits, similar to that obtaining in private practice, subject to proper safeguards, would be much more likely to give all-round satisfaction.

Also, insured persons should have restored to them in full, and without cumbrous formalities, the right of choosing or changing their doctor, which they were promised at the inception of the Insurance Act. These practical reforms are long overdue.

Queenie Gerald

THE woman Queenie Gerald is still at large. In view of our repeated disclosures of her infamy this fact alone is a grave reflection upon the police. We have given chapter and verse for episodes in this creature's recent history which amount to crime as defined by the law of England. Why is there no prosecution? Is it to go forth to the world that in the chief city of the Empire a strumpet of the lowest type can brazenly defy the law?

The matter is one which before long we are determined to have raised in the House of Commons, where perhaps the Home Secretary will find something to say in defence of the supine attitude of the authorities. Until then, we shall continue remorselessly to expose this woman's vile activities. If need be, the names of her titled protectors must be dragged to light.

THE TRIAL OF THE HANGMAN.

by A. G. GARDINER

THE echoes in Parliament of the Ilford case show that the hangman is at last seriously on his trial in the public mind. He may not be convicted yet, but that he will be convicted in the end is pretty certain. His business has been shrinking for a century. It used to be a flourishing concern in the days when he found his customers in poor women guilty of shop thefts, labourers sentenced for sheep stealing, and even children convicted of trivial offences, and when vast crowds used to gather before the prison gates to see him perform.

Well, in spite of Dean Inge's depressing views about society, we have made some progress since then. The public conscience has revolted against the hangman as the guardian of the draper's counter and as the public entertainer of the mob. His empire has dwindled to one small bit of territory and there, to use a figure which he will understand, his life hangs by a thread. His work is tolerated, but he is an outcast. No one would be proud of the acquaintance of a hangman, and I imagine the hangman is not proud of himself.

I like to think that even his wife and children do not know the nature of the job that takes him away so mysteriously on occasions. There is no doubt that if the professional hangman were abolished and the duty of hanging the criminal fell upon the High Sheriff, as it nominally does, capital punishment would be at an end. No High Sheriff would take an office which had so gruesome a function.

If the national feelings are so revolted by hanging, why is it tolerated? There is only one argument for it. To adopt Voltaire's ironic phrase, men are hanged *pour encourager les autres*. The incident in connection with which that phrase was used, by the way, damns the doctrine of capital punishment. Byng was shot, but all the world agrees to-day that he ought not to have been shot.

But does hanging "encourage" people not to murder? It does not "encourage" them to steal. Murders are either done in hot blood, in which case there is no calculation of consequences, or they are done, as in the case of Armstrong, with the assurance that they will not be found out. In either case, hanging has no deterrent influence. Even if it were in the mind of the murderer, I question whether it would be as effective a check upon action as the prospect of imprisonment for life. If I knew that I was to be hanged to-morrow the fact would fill me with far less dismay than the knowledge that I was to spend the remnant of my days in a cell.

And if the argument of "encouragement" fails, the whole case for hanging disappears. It is then left as a naked act of revenge. "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." It is the substitution of the law of the jungle for the law of civilised society. The real objection to it is that it lowers the moral currency of the people and converts the administration of justice into an unwholesome spectacle.

For these reasons it is destined to follow the thumb screw and the stake into oblivion. The hangman has the rope round his own neck and the time is not far distant when public opinion will give him the long drop.

WHY NOT COMMIT ...

Our Low Moral Vitality

by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTE...

(Author of "The Mirror of Downing Street," etc.)

IF you have a taste for such matters, you may read in almost any popular newspaper, day after day, from year's end to year's end, not a denunciation or an exposure of crime, but a grateful report of its doings.

In the world of iniquity there is never a slump, never a dull quarter of an hour. Something there is always *booming*—from murder, suicide, assassination, and rape down to arson, burglary, shoplifting, adultery, and dope-running.

Each day does not, of course, produce a "best seller," like the love-letters of a recent murderess, which the editor of a Sunday newspaper described as "a slice of life." But nobody expecting a good dish of crime for his penny will ever be able to bring a successful action for obtaining money under false pretences against that little band of recent noblemen who own our popular Press.

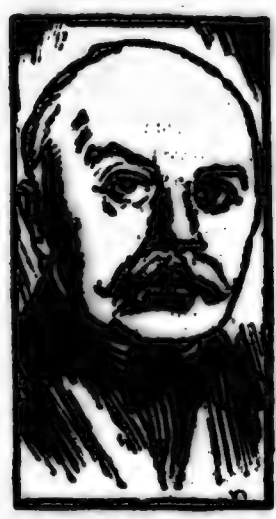
IT must, I imagine, occur to the reader of these newspapers sometimes to wonder why he himself should not turn criminal. The life is exciting; it is free from the moral degradation of "wage-slavery"; and it ensures such notice from the Press as might be envied by a Cabinet Minister, or even by Mr. Owen Nares and Lady Diana Cooper.

There is, obviously, a measure of risk in such a career, but who would hunt the fox if there were not a hazard of being thrown? Risk is the very salt of existence. No man worthy to think of himself as the heir of Drake and Nelson, and a cousin of Mr. De Valera, should hold back from an enterprising life merely on the score of its hazards. The braver sex will not tarry on this account. Some married woman who calls herself "emancipated" is now, I am sure, writing sugary and gaudy love-letters to the degenerate of her affections in the hope that Mr. James Douglas may presently exclaim, as he did the other day, "The great masters who have explored the labyrinth of the human heart deal with this perilous stuff. *Othello* and *Hamlet* are quarried out of it." Why aren't we all criminals?

AN educated person would say, "I am not a criminal, because I find a higher happiness in virtue; I love music, books, architecture, painting, and the company of cultivated people." A law-abiding person would say, "How dare you suggest I should be a criminal?—do you think I am not respectable?"

But to both of these people the criminal himself could make a satisfactory, nay, but an overwhelming answer. To the educated, "I might think as you do, if I had your tastes"; and to the respectable, "I might behave as you do, if I had your income." If conduct is merely a matter of taste, the burglar and footpad have a perfect right to indulge *their* taste for crime. To be perfectly frank, they regard culture as a fad, and virtue as a form of crankiness. Or, if conduct is merely a matter of convenience, the man whose stomach is as empty as his pockets has a good natural logic for filling both at somebody else's expense. Why not? To him his convenience is as urgent and imperious as yours to you or mine to me.

There is no reason in logic why England should not conduct her national existence as Ireland is now endeavouring to conduct hers, or why Scotland should not follow Russia's example and announce that "religion is dope for the people," driving her democracy at the bayonet's point to join a crusade of murder, free "love," and robbery under arms. Lenin and De Valera could argue the hind leg off a donkey in support of their theories. Every rough of the racecourse and every harlot at the street corner have a reason for their iniquitous lives. Leave this matter of conduct to the logic of temperament, and human existence would become . . . well, a very filthy mess.



Rt. Hon. W. C. Bridgeman, Home Secretary.

"TWENTY or thirty years ago, if a paper had published revelations such as this paper has published concerning the woman Queenie Gerald, there would have been an outcry from one end of Britain to the other. . . . But now it is different. The dreadful woman is at liberty . . . free to do whatever she likes . . . Why is this?" "A Gentleman with a Duster" asks this question and answers it. The answer is as striking as the question itself.

ARE there signs that our present civilisation is travelling in this direction? I think there are. I think that what a great English scholar justly said of Talleyrand may as justly be said of the average Briton, "*A low moral vitality had as much to do with the stains on his life as violent passions or extreme temptations.*"

A low moral vitality. That is a phrase worth turning over in the mind. A weariness of the human spirit, a feebleness of moral energy, a sense of lifelessness in the soul—is not this a reasonable diagnosis of the health of the present generation? Not violent passions, not extreme temptations, not energy of any kind, but just a flaccid moral nature, a conscience that yawns?

Twenty or thirty years ago, if a paper had published revelations such as this paper has published recently concerning the woman Queenie Gerald, there would have been an outcry from one end of Britain to the other. The statement that young ... "married" to negroes in offi... tacle of lust to old goat-minde... feed the dying flames of their ... gloating over such hellish abom... have se... of hor... the whol... Secretar... for Hom... refused ... a matte... kept his ... week. Q... have ... on the C... the Ho... mons. ... meeting... been h... down th... Churche... murmur... would ... ered. ... would h... But ... different. The dreadful w... liberty, and Mr. W. C. ... tranquil mind is undisturb... necessity to take action. She ... whatever she likes, and he ... nothing at all. The Archbish... bury is not troubled by this ... Press averts its gaze; and ... fashions come in as if life ... more than an opportunity fo... For the first time in history ... hear of the murder of children ... out turning a hair.

WHY is this? What is the ... striking change in the ... of Great Britain? How is it t... vitality has fallen to so low an...

I think it can be explained ... ground that we have fallen i... of regarding ourselves, not ... spirits, but as animals. The ... our life is the atmosphere of f... the Zoo. Morality without ... force of religion is animal egoi... person is not evolutionary ma... angel, but merely prudential ... animal nature in cold storag... now probably more moral ... country than existed twenty ... ago; but their morals are a ...

THE Editor does not necessarily share all views expressed on this page, but cons... of sufficient interest and importance to warrant publication. It is intended t... journal the recognised platform for the free discussion of the leading topics of the day

NOT COMMIT MURDER?

Our Low Moral Vitality

by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

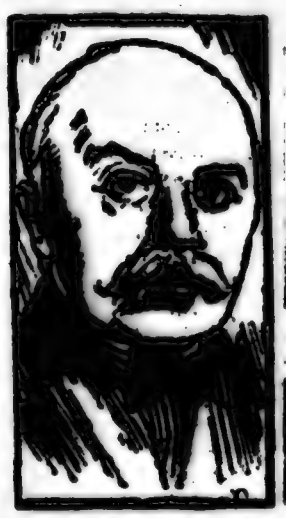
(Author of "The Mirror of Downing Street," etc.)

lar and footpad have a perfect right to lge *their* taste for crime. To be per- y frank, they regard culture as a fad, virtue as a form of crankiness. Or, if luct is merely a matter of convenience, man whose stomach is as empty as his ets has a good ral logic for filling at somebody s expense. Why ? To him his con- ence is as urgent imperious as yours ou or mine to me. here is no reason gic why England ld not conduct national existence reland is now en- vouring to conduct , or why Scot- should not follow sia's example and ounce that "re- n is dope for the le," driving her ocracy at the bay- 's point to join a ade of murder, free "love," and robbery r arms. Lenin and De Valera could e the hind leg off a donkey in support heir theories. Every rough of the race- se and every harlot at the street corner a reason for their iniquitous lives. ve this matter of conduct to the logic of perament, and human existence would me . . . well, a very filthy mess.

RE there signs that our present civilisa- tion is travelling in this direction? I k there are. I think that what a great Eng- scholar justly said of Talleyrand may as ly be said of the average Briton, "*A moral vitality had as much to do with the ns on his life as violent passions or ex- e temptations.*"

low moral vitality. That is a phrase th turning over in the mind. A weari- s of the human spirit, a feebleness of al energy, a sense of lifelessness in the —is not this a reasonable diagnosis of health of the present generation? Not ent passions, not extreme temptations, energy of any kind, but just a flaccid al nature, a conscience that yawns?

Twenty or thirty years ago, if a paper had lished revelations such as this paper has lished recently concerning the woman enie Gerald, there would have been an outcry from one end of Britain to the other. The statement that young children are "married" to negroes in offering a spectacle of lust to old goat-minded satyrs who feed the dying flames of their bestiality by gloating over such hellish abomination would have sent a spasm of horror through the whole nation. No Secretary of State for Home Affairs who refused to act in such a matter could have kept his office for a week. Questions would have been rained on the Government in the House of Commons. Indignation meetings would have been held up and down the country. The Churches would have murmured. The Press would have thundered. The Public would have acted.



Rt. Hon. W. C. BRIDGEMAN, Home Secretary.

"TWENTY or thirty years ago, if a paper had published revelations such as this paper has published concerning the woman Queenie Gerald, there would have been an outcry from one end of Britain to the other. . . . But now it is different. The dreadful woman is at liberty . . . free to do whatever she likes . . . Why is this? . . . "A Gentleman with a Duster" asks this question and answers it. The answer is as striking as the question itself.

But now it is different. The dreadful woman is at liberty, and Mr. W. C. Bridgeman's tranquil mind is undisturbed by any necessity to take action. She is free to do whatever she likes, and he is free to do nothing at all. The Archbishop of Canterbury is not troubled by this matter; the Press averts its gaze; and the spring fashions come in as if life were nothing more than an opportunity for dressing-up. For the first time in history British people hear of the murder of children's souls without turning a hair.

WHY is this? What is the cause of this striking change in the public opinion of Great Britain? How is it that our moral vitality has fallen to so low an ebb?

I think it can be explained on the single ground that we have fallen into the habit of regarding ourselves, not as responsible spirits, but as animals. The atmosphere of our life is the atmosphere of feeding-time at the Zoo. Morality without the driving force of religion is animal egoism. A moral person is not evolutionary man becoming an angel, but merely prudential man with his animal nature in cold storage. There are now probably more moral people in this country than existed twenty or thirty years ago; but their morals are a matter of frigid self-interest. They do not strive after spiritual perfection because, like Shelley, their nerves quiver at the thought of loveliness, but because they fear the pain of the gout or the expense of the divorce court. Their morals are in the nature of an Old Age Pension—a provision for a comfortable senility. Those frozen morals never figure in a list of visible or invisible exports; they are private property; they have no contacts; they are the hoard of a miser.

TO be a force in the national life morals must have a religious impulse. They must be an active part of man's duty to God, an active part of man's duty to man. They must be the very breath of spiritual aspiration, and the living flame of all service, all self-sacrifice, all activity.

This religious impulse is lacking, I think, chiefly because the Churches have made the average man sick of religion. For him, God is an open question. He is uncertain what to think in the matter. He is waiting to see what science will discover in the next five or ten years, before deciding whether he will pay God the compliment of believing in His existence, or whether he will grant a further moratorium to his religious instincts. He is an agnostic with a good excuse. That is to say, he can charge the Churches with boring him.

TAKE the case of the Borstal Institutions. This paper made it reasonably clear the other day that the Borstal Institution is a cruel and destructive influence in the lives of hundreds of defenceless children. It told the story of a boy who hanged himself in one of these places after a dose of solitary confinement. A few days afterwards I read in the newspapers of the recapture of two boys who had run away from a Borstal Institution. Who cares? What is the Church doing in this matter? The average man might be stirred up sufficiently to sign a petition, or to send a postcard to his member of Parliament, if the Church lifted even a little finger in the cause of these miserable and suffering children.

SINCE it is clear that the nation must continue in this dangerous condition of moral apathy until religion is rescued from superstition, and made a chief driving force in the moral life of our generation, it may be well to address a plain word to the Church on her failure to persuade the average man that she means what she says. In my next article I shall endeavour to speak that word.

With all its faults, and with all its dangerous tendencies, this age is distinguished by one magnificent intention which may yet save it from ruin. It wants truth. It is sick of shadows. It refuses to be hoodwinked.

THE Editor does not necessarily share all views expressed on this page, but considers them of sufficient interest and importance to warrant publication. It is intended to make this journal the recognised platform for the free discussion of the leading topics of the day.

A HOUSE FOR £450.

by E. J. MIDDLETON, Mayor of Gt. Yarmouth.

THERE is only one way to solve the housing problem. It will not be solved by half-baked legislation, hurriedly prepared with an eye on by-elections. A solution will not be found by muddled Ministers messing about with fiasco schemes inherited from their inept predecessors. The people who will house the workers after the war are the people who housed them before the war—the little private builders who made this task their own, and, on the whole, did it fairly well.

It is easy to sneer and talk of jerry-built houses. Five and twenty years ago was admittedly the age of the jerry-builder. But we went after him with municipal regulations and by-laws and rounded him up. To-day the danger to the community is not jerry-built houses—but no houses at all.

We have to get away from Addison schemes and their type. They offer the wrong kind of house at the wrong kind of price.

The worker does not want semi-detached houses on a tenth of an acre each. He wants a house, in a terrace—a seven-roomed house, with a parlour, a living-room and a kitchen on the ground floor, and three bedrooms and a bath-room upstairs, with a commodious back-yard.

I say that these houses can be built for four-hundred and fifty pounds each. The Addison type cost twelve hundred pounds each, and *cannot* be let at the price the worker can afford to pay.

Where did the twelve hundred pounds go? First, there was the heavy cost of officialdom. Then the architect was paid a commission on the total cost of the house—averaging forty-five pounds. If he built one hundred houses—*from the same plan*—he still got his forty-five pounds each for supervision.

I suggest a return to simple finance and competitive building. Let the Government keep out of building schemes which are not their business. Let them advance money, at a low rate of interest, to the private builders to build houses, which is their business. Let this money be advanced, up to eighty per cent. of the work done, on certificates by the local borough engineer.

This simple plan will prevent the private builder from speculating with Government money. He cannot get his profit until he sells, and the Government has a lien on the certified work done as its security.

The municipality must contribute under any suggested scheme. I propose that their contribution be the making of roads and the laying of water and gas mains. Their security is additional rates.

This is simple—and sound. It is a scheme that with Treasury sanction can be begun at once—without subsidies, without real liabilities, and it would solve the unemployed problem. It would give us, in plenty, our £450 houses.

It would give the workers wages, instead of doles, on which the price of thousands of houses is being squandered every week.

It would start building at once—all over the country. It would stimulate work in the building, ironmongery, brickmaking, cement, wall-paper, joinery and other trades.

Is it so simple that our statesmen cannot grasp it? If not, why is it not grasped?

MY TURF EXPLOITS

Faking a 10 to 1 Winner

THE racing exploit described in this article ranks amongst the most remarkable ever performed by Pat Barrie. It reveals how he completely gulled the racing public by running the horse Shining More under another name, and raking in winnings at the rate of ten to one.

by P. C. (Pat) BARRIE—The Master Horse-Faker

I AM now going to tell you the story of a horse—one of the many that came under my care—that had the faculty of being in two places at once. In fact, I'm not sure that, on occasions, Shining More wasn't in three places!

I have set out in this article particulars of the Cheltenham race in which Shining More ran as Silver Badge so that the reader can follow my narrative with greater ease. Shining More was a bay mare, and extremely suitable for our purpose.

"What are you going to do with her?" asked one of my over-anxious friends.

"I'm going to run her at Cheltenham," was the reply, and there was a gasp of horror.

"But Shining More has won at Cheltenham, and Gwilt, her former trainer, is a great patron of the meeting, and he's certain to recognise her. Besides, everybody in racing—including the Stewards of the National Hunt Committee—will be there."

So they argued, and I listened patiently, for patience is my long suit. When they had all finished, I said:

"Shining More runs at Cheltenham. I haven't decided what she will run as, or what sort of appearance she will make; but this I guarantee, that neither Gwilt nor any other person will recognise Shining More by the time I've done with her!"

* * *

I THINK I have mentioned before that Gilbert Marsh was incapable, owing to his bad credit in the ring, of working the commissions which he had so glibly promised should be put on at the last moment. We had found a gentleman who I will describe as "the prize-mug of the world," and this in no spirit disparaging to him, for Norman Weisz was a good fellow, sublimely ignorant about racing, though he thought he knew a great deal. Incidentally, Weisz was the most innocent man that has ever been sent to prison, for he was neither in our swindles, nor was he aware that the horses we told him to back on our behalf were anything but straight propositions.

Weisz was practically ordered to go to Cheltenham, with instructions to back the horse on the course, and when she won, to buy her in, for we intended to run her in a selling plate, where she would be meeting a much lower class of animal than she had ever met before.

I was never wholly in favour of Weisz being entrusted with these commissions, and what little uneasiness I had was due to this reason.

"Gilbert," I once said to Marsh, "I would sooner have a rogue than a fool in this business."

But he was much too hard pressed to change his plans; besides which, if we hadn't had Weisz, I don't exactly know who we would have got to do the betting.

The "character" in which Shining More was to make her appearance at Cheltenham gave me considerable thought. The glamour of the Army was still upon the people, and I decided upon the most picturesque disguise that I had ever yet attempted. Shining More must appear as a cast-off Army horse; and, having found a nominal owner, we also found its name, because the man who was supposed to be the proprietor of this gallant charger was an ex-officer who was running a factory which he called the Silver Badge factory.

"That is what we will call her—'Silver Badge,'" said I.

* * *

AND now that I had made up my mind on this point, I entered light-heartedly into the business of disguising the horse.

And here I might remark that it is no offence to dye a racehorse, unless one is, as I was, in the secret of the swindle that was about to be attempted. First of all, Shining More had to have the Army brand on her quarters; and I hasten to add, lest there be any idea that I hurt the horse, that I did no more than singe the hair—it would have been bad business to have done anything else, because I had need of Shining More for future engagements. Similarly, I lightly burnt military numbers on her hoofs, with a jolly old broad arrow to show that she was genuinely released from military service.

In all these ramps, timing is everything, and I arranged to bring Shining More to Cheltenham about half an hour before the race started. I brought her down myself in the horse-box, and in the course of the journey changed her colour to black, stained her hoofs, and completed the alteration in her appearance—which included a shaping of her mane and tail. this was done, however, before the journey started.

On to the course at Cheltenham came Silver Badge, black mare, pedigree unknown. She had not to walk in the ring for very long, but during that brief space of time she attracted considerable attention, and I, for one, did not quiver so much as an eyelid when Mr. Gwilt, who had had her in his stable for some time, strolled across and had a good look at her.

WEISZ had gone into the ring, and his first bet was made under peculiar circumstances, which, at first glance, would suggest that he knew all about the "ring in." He approached a bookmaker and asked the price of the favourite, and when this was offered, shook his head.

"Give me some good outsider I can get 10 to 1 about," he said, and the bookmaker, looking at his card, pointed: "Here's one—Silver Badge," he said, and Weisz took 500 to 50.

Of course, he was only being tactful and "clever," for he believed me implicitly when I told him that I had found this extraordinary horse by chance, and that he had cleared out everything in the stable.

"There is one thing you must do, Norman, and that is, buy the horse in, whatever she fetches," I told him earnestly, just before the betting started. "We may have a Grand National winner, and I don't want to let her go."

And he, poor soul! believed that our anxiety to retain the horse was due to its superlative merit. There was another cause!

I put up Hulme to ride her, and he looked disgustedly at the Army marks just before he mounted.

"There will be a little present for you when you win," I said.

"A little present!" he scoffed. "Do you think I'm going to win on this poor old hair-trunk?"

"Never mind about 'hair-trunk,'" I replied. "This mare can jump and go."

"Do you want her ridden any particular way?" he asked, and I told him to come away for the first mile, then ease his horse, and bring her along at the last mile to win, and the sound of his sarcastic laughter is in my ears as I write.

Well, to cut a long story short, old Silver Badge, most wonderful of remounts, won in a hack canter, starting at 10 to 1. It cost Norman £600 to retain the animal, but we could well afford that little outlay, for we had won a tidy stake. As soon as the sale was over, and the old mare had cooled down, I had her sheeted and taken straight away off the course to the railway station.

Weisz, of course, was delighted. He was a man who had consistently lost money, and the fact that he had won a bit—and a big bit—gave him the greatest satisfaction. But I always think that it was the knowledge that he owned this wonder-horse which was his chief source of gratification, particularly when some of the newspapers came out the next day with graphic and glowing stories of the old remount, who, rescued by a clever trainer from the ignominious end which awaits old Army horses, had come out at fashionable Cheltenham and beaten selling-plate brothers at their own game.

* * *

HOW innocent Weisz was! He was so completely in the dark as to the swindle that, on the following Sunday, when we were working Heaven knows how hard to get the dye off the mare in order to prepare her for another race in her own name, along he came with a friend of his.

"Barrie, I've brought Mr. ——— over to see that old Army horse that everybody's talking about. Bring her out, and let us see her, will you?"

I looked at him open-mouthed. Bring out a horse that was black in one place and bay in another? Bring out that dappled and fearful-looking beast for the friends of Weisz to see? Not much!

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Weisz," said I, in my best trainer manner, "but the mare's leg has filled, and I've sent her away into the country to recuperate. We shall certainly get another race out of her," I said, when I saw the look of consternation in his face, "and don't worry about her. She's quite all right, and I think I've dealt with the disease in time."

So Weisz had to be content and go away, leaving us to the arduous business of restoring Shining More to her old colours. And it was some job! When I dye, I dye, and neither rain nor thunder nor lightning can change the horse's colour. Nothing but week after week of hard rubbing, with special chemicals, can change his appearance.

I had entered Shining More in her own name for a race at Plumpton, and we had engaged that famous and brilliant amateur, Captain Bennet, to ride her. This was the Saturday following Good Friday of 1920. We had also entered her for a race at Manchester. There was some doubt as to what Manchester race we should choose, but the moment I saw the list of races I fixed on one.

It was the Cheetham Handicap!

What happened at Plumpton, on the Saturday, and at Manchester, on Easter Monday, and how Shining More became a third horse, I will tell next week.

CHELTENHAM, Dec. 29th, 1919.

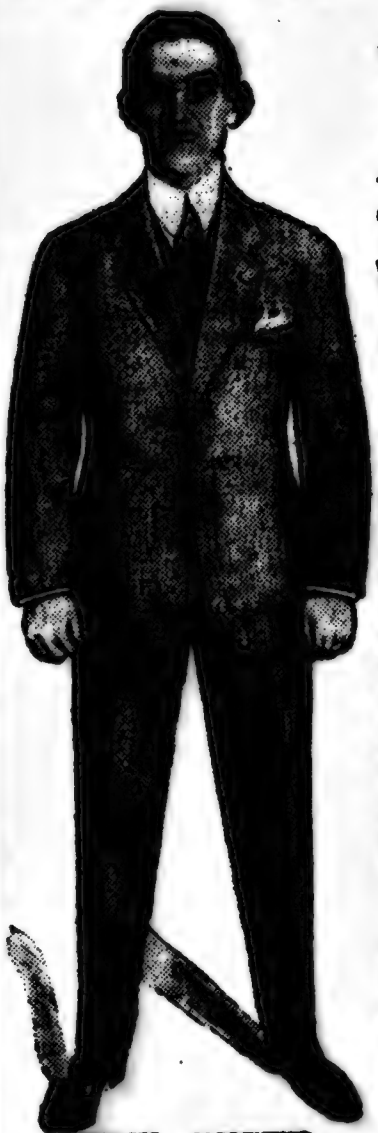
MALVERN HURDLE (8), £92. 2m.

Silver Badge, a-11-13	Hulme 1
Gnat, 5-11-7	W. Hughes 2
Governor Wood, 6-11-13 ..... (broke leather)	Roberts 3
Tom Berney, 6-11-8 ...	Mr. S. C. E. Lloyd 4
Mount Felix, a-11-13	Wright 5
Vaul, 5-11-13	Mr. C. Piggott 6

Betting:—4/6 Governor Wood, 4 Gnat, 7 Tom Berney, 10 **Silver Badge**, and others. 6; 3. Sold to Mr. Norman, 510 gns.

SPECIAL OFFER

A £5-5-0 PURE NEW WOOL TWEED SUIT FOR £2-0-0



GEORGES CARPENTIER
Dressed by Barry.
Photo by Personality Photo Press

GUARANTEED MADE TO YOUR SPECIAL MEASURES AND Cut, Tailored and Finished in the high-grade style for which the Barry Service is so justly famous

THE MOST REMARKABLE VALUE EVER OFFERED BY ANY TAILORING FIRM IN THE WORLD

Seeing is believing. If after examining the excellent material, workmanship, and finish of this wonderful £2 Barry Suit you are not of the opinion that it is the greatest bargain you have ever seen, we will refund not only the £2 paid, but 2/6 over and above that sum to compensate you for your trouble. Do not confuse this £2 Pure Wool Tweed Suit with the cheap sale goods so extensively being boomed in the London Press. It is something entirely different.

WHEREVER YOU MAY BE WE CAN FIT YOU PERFECTLY

Our SELF-MEASURE CHART is satisfying. You take your measures in the privacy of your home, select your cloth from the lovely range of patterns we shall send you, choose your style from the big selection of fashions we submit—and in seven days you will receive your suit carefully packed.

Sent at our risk entirely.

FREE. The Patterns, Fashion Plates, Measure Chart, are yours for the asking. Send us a post-card forthwith, when they will be sent per return.

100% Pure New Wool, Indigo Dyed, London Shrunk, BLUE SERGE SUIT (18oz. weight) to measure for

£3-10-0

The most sensational value ever offered in Blue Serges.

A 2½-guinea Sports Coat, Tailor Made, Lined throughout, to measure **26/6**
Fitted Real Leather Buttons.

FOR THE BEST TAILORING SERVICE IN THE WORLD AND THE MOST WONDERFUL VALUES YOU HAVE EVER SEEN

CALL OR WRITE

S. A. BARRY & Co
(J.B. DEPT.) 26, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.
EXCLUSIVELY MEASURE TAILORS.
Telephone Number for Free Patterns: CLERKENWELL 4240

W.29.

CLARNICO

EVERYWHERE YOU GO—
At the Party.

Don't be satisfied with any kind of sweetmeat for your party. Show your good taste by offering your guests CLARNICO LILY BRAZILS. Then the sweetmeats, like the ideal guest, will be the kind that everyone likes.

CLARNICO LILY BRAZILS are the favourite of all *parties* whose *taste* is good.

8d. per ½ lb.
Of all Confectioners

CLARNICO LILY BRAZILS

Discovered by :—
CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS, LTD., Victoria Park, London.
Established 50 years.

LILY BRAZILS

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

"Nott" Guilty.

by HARRISON OWEN

THAT he did pollute the fount of justice by setting aside the verdict of one of His Majesty's Courts, and wrongfully dismissing two young City constables for an alleged offence of which they had previously been acquitted, was charged against Sir William Nott-Bower, Chief Commissioner of the City Police.

Addressing the Court on behalf of the public, Mr. Watchdog, K.C., said that Constables Stanley and George were ordered to combat street betting in a certain City area. The constables alleged that, while engaged in this work, a bookmaker who calls himself David Cope, who appears on the Aliens' register at Bow Street under the fine old Anglo-Saxon name of David Beidencopf, tried to bribe them not to harass his touts. The constables arranged a meeting at a public-house, with a view to obtaining evidence against Cope; but at a critical moment their superiors appeared and charged them with attempting to obtain bribes. This charge was heard at the Old Bailey and the constables were acquitted.

"WHAT followed," said Mr. Watchdog, "when described in cold blood, may sound like the plot of a comic opera written by an ingenious lunatic. The constables were sent for by Sir William Nott-Bower, who first congratulated them on their acquittal and then informed them that they could either resign from the force or receive the sack.

"The meaning of this extraordinary procedure," concluded counsel, "I am at a loss to understand. It is not for me to attempt to unravel this really remarkable 'Nott'; but it is obviously necessary to show the accused that no Star Chamber set up by him, and in connection with which he plays the roles of judge, jury, counsel for the prosecution, chief witness for the prosecution and Lord High Executioner, can be permitted to over-ride the decision of a British court of justice."

FOR the defence, Mr. Strawsplitter urged that what took place at the Old Bailey was no concern of his client, who, as a knight, with a hyphen in the middle of his name and a number of assorted letters after it, was better equipped to weigh evidence than were twelve commonplace British jurors.

By direction of the Judge, the jury found accused "Not guilty."

"Prisoner at the Bar," said Mr. Justice Bull, "a jury of your fellow-countrymen has found you not guilty of the charge preferred against you, so, in accordance with the traditions of the force of which you are the head, all that remains for me to do is to pass sentence. If you had been found 'Guilty,' naturally, I would have directed that you be given a contribution from the poor-box, just as you yourself, if George and Stanley had been found guilty at the Old Bailey, would, I presume, immediately have promoted them to be inspectors. I confess that this method of dispensing justice is new and strange to me, but I do not wish to appear old-fashioned or less efficient than the right-Bower of the City police. Therefore, I will ask you to accept my very hearty congratulations on your acquittal, and will at once give you the opportunity of resigning from your position as Chief Commissioner. If you decline, I shall be reluctantly compelled to order your dismissal from the force."

When the Judge left the Bench, Sir William, who had resisted removal from the dock, was still shouting incoherent protests.

THE MAGIC OF THE NINTH

An Old Man of the East—to the Unlucky of To-day.

THE thoughts of hundreds of thousands who seek Fortune's favours on the turf are turned towards the first two classic races of the year, the Lincolnshire Handicap and the Grand National.

Towards the back end of the flat racing season we revealed a little secret which enabled many of our readers to find the winner of the Manchester November Handicap.

It is the Magic of the Ninth.

Like so many things that are mysterious and inscrutable, it comes out of the East. It is a piece of Oriental wisdom which cannot be understood in the way in which we understand that two and two make four; but though it is incapable of explanation by ordinary methods of reasoning, it is accepted and acted upon to their advantage by many who have travelled in Asia and learned to respect much which is incomprehensible to the Western mind.

For the benefit of those who have not heard of it, let us repeat the legend as it was first told to us.

AN aged Indian philosopher of the thirteenth century was visited by a rich young disciple who asked how he could avert an evil spell which seemed to have fallen upon him. The old man said:—

"My son, you complain of your bad fortune. All your works come to nothing. Your crops wither, your herds die of pestilence, your caravans are robbed, and fire destroys your house. Now thus shall you change your fortune. Give a ninth of what is in your purse to the poor. Much or little, it matters not. For the magic of nine is the magic of fortune."

The young man went and did as he was bid, and straightway prospered exceedingly.

We asked all who wished to change their luck to give a ninth of whatever sum was in their pockets to our "Greatest of These——" Fund. The result was extraordinary.

READERS from all over the country who did as we asked wrote and told us of the marvellous good fortune which followed. "Rowley Mile," who had personally backed twenty-five consecutive losers—five on a day when he gave three good winners in JOHN BULL—set aside his ninth for the Fund, and the next day went to Alexandra Park and backed four winners.

Hundreds backed the winner of the November Handicap, and many who did not were more than consoled by some other stroke of luck which unexpectedly came their way.

We should like all our many thousands of sporting readers to give a trial to the Magic of the Ninth. They could not have a better object for their gifts than "The Greatest of These——" Fund, which helps the poorest of the poor without any deductions from subscriptions for the expenses of administration.

Here is a pathetic appeal from a brave little girl living at Edmonton which we answered this week.

At the beginning of February her mother was laid low by a stroke of paralysis and removed to hospital. Little more than a child—she is only sixteen—the girl assumed as best she could the cares of the household.

It was a task which might well have daunted the spirit of one much older and more experienced. The trials of life seldom come singly, and no sooner was her mother taken away than illness invaded the home, and she had to act as nurse as well as housekeeper. Still she faced the struggle bravely.

She has a brother laid up with influenza and a little sister aged seven for whom she has also had to get a doctor. She has an elder sister who is out at work and gives her twelve shillings a week out of her earnings. Out of this the little housekeeper has to pay eleven shillings a week rent, and she contrives somehow to keep things going by giving music lessons in the intervals of nursing her brother and sister, earning in this way nine shillings a week. She begged us to do something to help and cheer a "disheartened youngster."

SURELY there is not a sportsman in the country who can feel unmoved by the struggles of this girl to provide for a family in such difficult circumstances almost as soon as she has left school.

Send us your ninth then, and good luck to you!

"The Greatest of These——"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

J. N., 1s. 1½d.; "Spuggy," 1s.; "Mary," 6d. and parcel; F. B., 1s. 4½d.; "Thankoffering," 4s.; "Miserly Scot," 9d.; "Poor Mother," 8d.; J. E., 2d.; "Hopeful," 2s. 1d.; "I. Y.," 1s. 8d.; F. T., 3s. 2d.; F. W., 1s. 10½d.; H. K., 1s. 5d.; "Wellwisher," 1s. 6d.; "Harry T.," 1s. 6d.; "Mucky Mary," 2s. 6d.; "Catford," 1s. 6½d.; "Sympathy," 2s.; W. H. (Canonbury), 10s.; "Mascot," 3s.; "Molly," 1s. 10d.; "Birchvale," 1s. 4½d.; Anon., 9d.; "Nil Desperandum," 2s.; "Anon., 1s.; "Old Age Pensioner," 2s.; L. P. G., 2s.; S. C., T., 1s.; W. C., 2s.; I. G. N., 9d.; "Clapham," 10½d.; H. N. G. J., 1s.; M. K., 1s.; Anon., 6½d.; "Midi than," 1s.; P. S., 8d.; "Jock," 1s. 6d.; H. V., 1s.; "Tyke," 2s.; M. C., 1s. 4d.; "Peggy," 3½d.; "Unsuccessful," 1s.; "Friend," 1s.; "Widow," 1s. 6d.; Anon., 6d.; "Queensferry," 2s. 4d.; Anon. (Lowestoft), 9s. 3d.; "Scot," 1s. 4d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; "Sporty," 2s.; A. M. T., 1s.; Anon., 3s.; R. S. D. (Cumbran), £2 2s.; "Tootie," 4s.; "Luck Trier," 1s. 4d.; E. M., 7d.; Mrs. M. B., 5s.; G. B., 1s. 2d.; "Ellen," 2s.; Anon., 1s. 8d.; "A Widow," 1s.; G. L. G., 2s. 2d.; "Nine Years' Reader," 1s.; "In Memory of My Dear Son," 2s. 6d.; "Hopeful," 9d.; J. E. S., 1s.; "Stick It, Jerry," 1s.; K. M., 2s. 3½d.; "Ego," 1s.; J. & E., 4s. 6d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; "A Friend," 1s.; G. H. A., 10d.; G. A., 2s.; "Barry," 1s. 6d.; "Lowestoft," 6d.; K. P., 2s.; Anon., 1d.; "Bradford" 11d.; "Mother and Daughter," 1s. 6d.; "Fag," £1; A. H., 2s. 6d.; E. G. B., 7s.; "Optimistic Bulleteer," 1s.; "1023," 1s.; Anon., 1s. 3d.; J. M., 1s.; L. W., 5s. 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. G. H., 1s.; "Rutland," 2s.; E. H. A., 2½d.; Anon., 6d.; P. J., 2s.; "Bullite," 1s.; Anon., 1s.; A. P., 8d.; H. C. G., 1s.; M. E. R., 2s.; "A Nine," 2s. 6d.; "Wellwisher," 3s.; "Wild Rose," 1s. 6d.; Lilaym," 2s.; "Bunny," 10d.; G. M. V., 1s. 1½d.; B. L. D., 7s. 6d.; T. M., 1s.; B. V. and H. V., 7s. 9d.; Anon., 8d.; Misunderstood," 3s 3d.; "Extract," £1; J. H. W., 3½d.; E. J., 7d.; "Fourth Ideal," 4s. 6d.; J. B., 8½d.; H. E., 3s. 6d.; "Unwanted Billy," 2d.; "Mother," 1½d.; "Jock," 1½d.; "Henry," 1d.; "Working Man," 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; R. H., 1s.; F. D. M., 10s.; "Pensioner," 1s. 2d.; S. H., 3s.; "Lenham," 3s. 4d.; Anon., 1s. 2d.; "Hard Lines," 3s.; Anon., 6d.; "One of the Poor," 2s.; D. R., 5s.; A. H. D., £1 1s.; H. J., 2s.; Anon., 1s. 1½d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; "9E.17.," 9d.; "Ted," 1 dollar; G. F. S., 1s.; P. S. A., 1s. 4d.; E. A. W., 1s.; "With Hope," 2s. 2d.; "Dinamic," 3s. 5d.; "Laurie," 1s. 1d.; L. L., 1s.; "Reader, Blackboy," 7d.; J. P., 2s. 6d.; F. A. C., 2s.; Anon. (Ripon), 3s.; "Waterloo Reader," 2s.; J. K., 3s.; "Widow," 2s. 6d.; W. H. B., 2s. 6d.; "Birmingham," 3d.; H. D., 7d.; Mrs. J. C., Guisborough, 1s.; M. B. B., 1s. 1½d.; "Well Wisher," 1s.; L. H., 6d.; "Yorkshire Bill," 6d.; H. H. B., 6d.; Mrs. T., 6d.; H. M. S., 2s. 6d.; "Margie," 2s.; Anon., 6d.; Anon., 1s.; "Bulleteer," 1s.; Anon., 1s.; H. D., 1s. 10d.; "Dandy," 1s.; S. W. 6d.; "Ace and Picture," 1s. 6d.; "Wellwisher," 3d.; M. H., 2s. 6d.; "Job," 2s. 4d.; "A Daughter of the Regiment," 10s.; "Widow," 6d.; "Master and Maid," 4s.; S. H., 3s. 9d.; Anon., 1s. 2½d.; Anon., 7d.; "Football," 1s. 6d.; "Sandown Park," 2s. 6d.; M. M. K. M., 3s. 6d.; F. W. M., 1s. 10d.; E. N., 1s. 10d.; K. W. S., 2s. 10½d.; H. M., 1s.; "Left at Long Acre," £1 3s. 4d.; "Trier," 9d.; "Follower," 2s. 6d.; C. H. K., 5s.; "R. K. Dud P.O.S.," 4s.; G. H., 3s. 3d.; F. P., 10s.; "Hielanman," 1s. 6d.; R. R. P., 8½d.; "Devon," 9d.; "Bristol," 3d.; A. T., 6d.; Anon., 6d.; J. W. B., 4s.; Anon., 1s.; S. V. B., 2s. 1d.; "Miner," 6d.; "Six Home Teams," 1s.; F. S., 1s.; R. J. H., 2s. 1½d.; "Killick," 1s.; "Poor Girl," 6d.; C. S. K., 1s. 2d.; D. J. W., 7d.; Anon., 1s. 4d.; "Pitter's Mate," 6d.; "Sorcere," 1s. 2d.; J. K. Q., 6s.; Anon., 1s.; "Wellwisher," 1s.; "Jim," 4s.; "Widow," 2s.; D., 4d.; T. W., 7½d.; A. P., 6d.; No. 1, 2s. 6d.; "A Fool," 9d.; "Dinkie," 2s.; "Emily," 9d.; M. A. B., 9d.; "Sunderland," 2s.; A. P., 8½d.; "We Three," 2s. 6d.; "Featley," 1s.; R. G., 1s. 1½d.; U. P., 1s. 3d.; N. W., 1s. 6d.; M. B., 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s. 8d.; "Working Man," 2s.; "Worried Mother," 7½d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Sam C., 2s. 3d.; C. H., 6s. 9d.; Anon., 10d.; "Unlucky Man," 1d.; G. W. A. T., 9d.; "Kismet," 9d.; "Ninth and a Bittock," 2s. 6d.; J. F. K. G., 1s. 0½d.; "Peekham," 4d.; "Staffordian," 11d.; "Cheero," 10d.; H. A. H., 1s.; H. G., 6d.; M. H., 4d.; "Tonus," 1d.; Anon., 1s. 10d.; N. E. J., 4½d.; "Cenotaph Flowers," 2s. 6d.; "Seven Kings," 6d.; "Smile Awhile," 2s. 2d.; "Napoo," 1s.; "Mac," 5s.; A. S., 8d.; A. F. S., 1s.; H. W., 6d.; "Hopeful Unemployed," 4½d.; "Still Hoping," 5d.; "Poor Woman," 2½d.; "Bury," 1s. 1½d.; S. Shields, 4s.; C. J. A., 1s.; "Kingsway," 1s. 8d.; "Hoping Hard," 1s.; C. L. T. A., 1s.; "Bullet Mad," 10½d.; "Hinderclay," 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

Mother or Marriage?

"I AM the only one at home to keep the house going. My mother is an invalid. I have a sweetheart, and he wants me to get married. My father is out of work, and there is only me to support the home. I think a lot of my mother and also of my sweetheart, who is not earning sufficient money to be able to support mother as well as myself, and I don't want to leave mother to look after herself the best she can. I am wondering which is the best thing to do. Shall I stay and look after my mother and forget my sweetheart, although we love each other dearly, and we are both getting fairly old? Or shall I get married and leave mother, which would break my heart, as I love her just as dearly as I do my man?"

"Humanist" says:—*This is a matter on which I would not dare to advise you. You must do what your intelligence dictates. It is a very cruel dilemma for any girl to find herself in.*

Wedded to a German

"I AM a British woman, but in 1906 I married a German, and have two boys, both born in London. He has been one of the best to his wife and children. In 1913 we went to Cologne.

"I was happy and well cared for until war broke out. My husband was not called to the front at all, but in 1916 was sent to guard English prisoners, and more than once have he and I risked our lives in smuggling food and medicine in to our poor men, though we were half-starved ourselves.

"In November, 1920, I returned to England again.

"I was informed at Cologne passport office that, if my husband had employment when he got here, he would be allowed to return. He has been offered work by the firm who employed him before the war, but the Home Office refuse to allow him to land. Owing to the rate of exchange he is unable to support me. Is there no way of getting him admitted. Rich Germans come and go as they like."

"Humanist" says: *When there is so much unemployment amongst Englishmen, I should not feel justified in endeavouring to get your husband back. Your case, however, is one for sympathy, and I will make inquiries.*

Amorous Wife of Employer

"I HAVE lived the greater part of my life in the Far East. However, like many more, I lost all my money and my job in the big slump, and was in England for nearly 15 months unemployed. After many hardships I eventually got a situation as manservant to my present employer, and here my trouble begins. He has a wife who has grown very fond of me, and I of her, although she is some 20 or 25 years my senior. Now, 'Humanist,' what am I to do? If I tell the husband, it is certain that I shall be told to go, and cause trouble in the house; and yet she tells me that, if I leave, she will pack up and follow.

"I know I am not doing the right thing by staying here. And yet, if I leave, it may be another year before I can get another place."

"Humanist" says:—*Have you pointed out to this amorous lady that she is driving you to starvation? If you have, and she takes no notice, pack up and leave.*

A Spiteful Parent

"I AM married, with two children, and I have a good husband. The trouble is my mother. She lives near me, and up to five months ago she was all right, but since then she has been all wrong. Five months ago I started working; my husband, being on night work regular, agreed to look after the two children till dinner time, when my mother said she would have them from dinner time to night, when I came home at five. Then she began to give me advice about various matters. She started calling my husband names. My children dare not go past her door, or else my own brothers and sisters give them a hit. What hurts most is their being so spiteful to my kiddies. I don't mind for myself, but it does hurt to see my kiddies being put on, and I cannot say anything because it is my mother. I paid her for looking after them, besides helping her in coal."

"Humanist" says:—*Your mother's conduct is so remarkable that I confess I don't understand it. Have you told me everything? If she further annoys you, take out a summons.*

A Husband's Doubt

"I WAS an I.R.A. man in 1920, was arrested following an ambush, and released after the truce between Great Britain and Ireland. I returned home and became acquainted with a girl who appealed to me very much. I had always lived a good, clean life, and never forced myself to go beyond the limit with any girl, but this lady was evidently of a different temperament from those I had met previously, and the result was that, after a few months of happy days, she told me she was about to become a mother in some time to come, and forced me to marry her. I did, and since our marriage I have ascertained that she had previously led a fast life. Is the child mine? She was employed in a firm, and, according to stories, she was mistress to the manager of that firm for many years."

"Humanist" says:—*Don't believe stories until you have absolute proof. You know you had that kind of relationship with her and you don't know that anybody else had!*

The Man with the Squint.

"WHEN I was a youngster of three, I had the misfortune to be knocked down by an electric car. The shock of the accident resulted in my right eye being slightly turned, but, the eyesight was unharmed.

"Then came my school days, when the school's official eye doctor examined me and I had to wear spectacles. They, however, did more harm than good, and I had finally to give up their use altogether. Though my eyesight was A 1, I had a hard time securing a situation when I left school, owing more or less to the silly superstitions about cross-eyed people. But I did succeed at the finish, and I have been with the same firm since.

"'Humanist,' can you imagine a fellow's feelings in my position? It seemed as though the world was against me. But I kept a stiff upper lip and became popular with my workmates. It just shows how superstition can drive people to despair."

"Humanist" says:—*I print this letter as an encouragement to men and women with a similar misfortune. The idea that cross-eyed people bring bad luck goes back to the early Christian Church, when Judas was supposed to be afflicted in that way. In some cases an operation can remove a squint.*

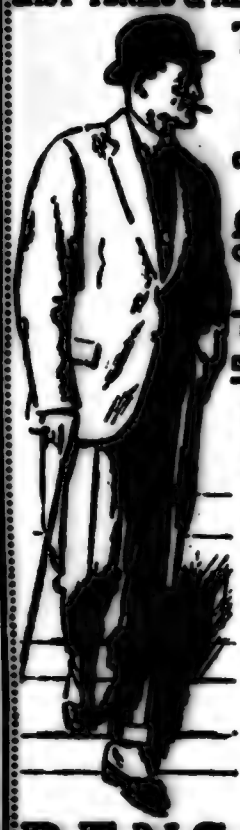
Attracting the Attached!

"ALTHOUGH I give no encouragement, I seem to attract married men. This has caused me many anxious nights and fits of depression. Some time ago I met a man, who, in spite of being married and having two little children, made love to me. Naturally, I told him he ought to think more of his wife and children than to do such a thing. I heard, however, that he has gone out with several girls.

"Now I have attracted another man with a wife and two children, and he works at the same place as I. He has begged me to go out with him, and although I most certainly refused, I saw him one night walking up and down outside my house for a long time. He did not know I saw him, but I tell you truly, 'Humanist,' I have given no encouragement, and have distinctly told him I would not do such a low thing as to go with him.

You must know how such things upset a girl who tries to live a decent life. Why should I attract such men when I would much prefer a friend of my own age, and free? My principles are (I am proud to say) too high to wish to steal the affections of a man from his wife, and I grieve to think I have done so."

"Humanist" says:—*It is very unlikely that you have deprived any woman of her husband's affections. Lots of girls have your experience. Don't worry about it. A certain type of married man is like that.*



EASY TERMS & REALLY GOOD TAILORING

Perfect-Fitting LOUNGE SUIT or Ladies' Costume FROM £3:3: To Measure.

Carriage Paid on First Payment of 2/- in the £ Monthly

Smart and serviceable clothes perfectly cut and fully made and carefully finished.

Call at any of our Establishments for FREE PATTERNS and Style Booklet and judge for yourself the value we are giving, or write Dept. J.B., stating if suit or costume is required and they will be sent FREE, together with our simple self-measurement form.

2/- in the £ discount. If you pay cash.

We can fit you perfectly by post.

BENSONS

57, EDGWARE ROAD, W. (near Marble Arch)
122, FINCHLEY RD., N.W. (opposite Road Lane)
143, STRAND, W.C. (opposite Gaiety Theatre)
23, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (corner of Queen Street)
98, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C. (next to Stadium)
Benson & Co., Ltd. Est 1925.

The Stamp of Success

Motor Bicycle Worlds Records

RUDGE

Brooklands, Saturday, 25th Nov., 1922.
J. H. HAYNES & R. E. DICKER

6 Hours	75.03 m.p.h.
7 Hours	74.23 "
8 Hours	71.29 "
500 Miles	74.36 "
600 Miles	71.27 "

Quicker 24th, 25th and 26th, 1922.
24 Hours - 61.72 m.p.h.
(Three Periods of Eight Hours)

Motor Bicycle Catalogue post free from Rudge-Whitworth, Ltd., Coventry, or Dept. 220, Victoria Coach St., London, W.1.

JU-JU NIGERIAN MASCOT

Unsolicited Comments:
MANUFACTURER—"Quite extraordinary powers."
CANDIDATE—"Successful."
STOCKBROKER—"Worth its weight in gold."
ACTRESS—"Made remarkable debut."
SPINSTER—"Now happily married."
JOCKEY—"Look dropped."

FOR LUCK The supreme mascot that is bringing a change of luck to thousands. Why not you? Opportunity knocks at everybody's door, whether he be Statesman, Peer or Peasant.

Secure Now This Lucky African Mascot.

Sterling Silver, 1/- each, postage paid. 9ct. Gold, £1:0:0

JU-JU SOCIETY (Dept. W), Kingsway House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.
POST THIS OUT.

Sports and by ROWLEY

RUMOURS ABOUT THE SPRING DOUBLE —— SOME HORSES TO FOLLOW

I HAVE heard more rumours affecting certain of the National and Lincoln horses than I've heard for a long time. One of the rumours is a little alarming to those who have backed Monarch. The horse is all right in himself, and his owner is very confident that he will finish in the first three. But there are others concerned more with the marketing of the horse, who are very willing to lay Monarch to practically any amount. Possibly they know more than the people who are connected with the horse.

Psychology.

Another rumour—in this case a favourable one—concerns Psychology. The reader will remember that I have put up Psychology as an alternative tip, and I am told that the horse has not only wintered well but has been going great guns in his gallops, although this is a little early for a horse that is being got ready for the Lincoln to be at concert pitch. The people who back Psychology each way will not lose their money; of that I am pretty sure.

How is Soval.

A third horse—and I only want confirmation of the rumour I have heard to give it very serious attention—is Soval. Soval is a very useful performer, but I have an idea that Mr. Curzon is never very confident about his horses the first time out unless they are two-year-olds who have answered a pretty stiff question in a trial.

Forewarned is Well.

Some of the best experts at the game will not have Arravale at any price; and another who finds disfavour is Duettiste. But I am told that Forewarned is at the top of his form and his backers have no reason for worrying. He did a very fine gallop last week at Newbury. Old Sergeant Murphy will probably have run at Gatwick before these lines are in print, and I am one of those who will most assuredly back him if he does. The old fellow is a wonderful fencer, and the Aintree country is a familiar battle-ground.

The Best Trial Ground.

By the way, I notice that it is the practice of some of my friends on the Press to talk about this or that race as "a good National trial." The truth is that no race over the park courses can be regarded as being anything in the nature of a National trial, for the conditions are altogether different. The only course in England where, if a horse puts up an excellent performance, he may be expected to repeat the same at Aintree, is Ludlow. This is one of the stiffest in the country and, next to the Liverpool journey, the most trying. Bear this fact in mind.

Horses to Follow.

In continuing my horses to follow, I shall certainly take Monarch, Psychology, and Simon Pure. Of Monarch I have written so much that it is not necessary to repeat what I have already said. He is a very sound, honest performer, and I don't see how even the handicapper can stop him winning a nice handicap before the year is out.

Psychology's Speed.

Psychology is a tremendously fast horse over a mile. Last year he was content to go for some of the smaller plums, but he ran a pretty good horse in the Derby, and until the field came down the hill he was within striking distance of Captain Cuttle. If my memory serves me right, for seven furlongs he and Captain Cuttle were practically side by side. He is now a four-year-old, and will strip a 10 lb. better horse than he ever was last year, though in the spring there was nothing in his class that could have beaten him, and very little that was above his class.

Simon Pure.

We can say of Simon Pure that after going amiss he put up a rattling good performance, both when he won, beating Torelore at Newmarket, and when he himself was beaten by Selene at Hurst Park. I don't think there is a horse in England that could have beaten Selene on that day and at that distance.

My Lincoln Selection.

Next week I am going to deal with the Lincolnshire Handicap *in extenso*, and I hope then to make a definite selection. I do trust that nothing will happen to make me change my early opinion that MONARCH was very nearly a certainty. At the same time, this is a fact that any and every reader must recognise. If Psychology has made the regulation improvement, and is put on to the Carholme on March 21 the same excellent performer as he was in the spring of last year, I don't think Monarch or any other horse will hold him.

JUMPERS TO FOLLOW.

Gamsey.—This horse did not make so good a fight of it with Clashing Arms at Manchester as either his market position or his Irish form led one to expect. He is probably capable of better things.

Owen.—Running a bit out of his class when opposing North Waltham and others at Kempton, this young hurdler nevertheless put up a pretty good show. He should score in moderate company.

Polish Prince.—This Irish importation was "up against" something in Double Up at Manchester and ran sufficiently well to suggest that he will win in his turn.

Athasi.—A fairly consistent performer, who has not always enjoyed the best of luck. Information to hand suggests that he has done remarkably well of late.

Charlie Wise.—On his first appearance over the bigger fences, Mr. Rayner's horse shaped so well behind Cavalier, at Newbury, that he is obviously worth keeping an eye upon. Next time out, Jack Anthony will probably have the mount.

King of Troy.—This horse carried a lot of money when third to Hogier, at Leicester, and as his connections are not in the habit of throwing anything away, they may get it back at the next attempt.

Greenmount.—But for making a bad mistake three fences from home, this horse would probably have upset the odds laid on Sheriff, at Kempton Park. He will pay to follow over the country.

Perfect Knight.—To all appearances this horse had Swynmyth well "tacked down" when he was out of the course, at Leicester, a fortnight ago. We shall watch his next performance with interest.

Wise Prince.—Handicappers do not appear to have a very high opinion of this horse's capabilities, and as several opportunities have been given him, in the near future he may be worth keeping an eye upon.

SELECTIONS.

[The horses in parentheses after the black letter selection are, in their order, alternative tips if the principal selection is absent.]

CHELTENHAM (WEDNESDAY.)

1.30 **Kirkhazle*** (Furore, Warwick).
2.15 **Ashweed** (Deerfoot, Kendal de Wet).
2.45 **Miss Dalcaddica** (The Sheikh, Canopus).
3.15 **Marchesi** (Waterbottle, Ulster Division).
3.45 **Rockmeadow** (Palm Ring).
4.30 **Zenon** (Dover Patrol, Hairpin II.).

CHELTENHAM (THURSDAY).

1.15 **William W.** (Strike Breaker, Pride of Manister).
2. 0 **Pavot** (Sweet Mauvereen, Lamu).
2.45 **Royal Chancellor*** (Badminton II.).
3.30 **Madrigal** (Gardenrath, Fly Mask).
4. 0 **Pethoca** (Morecoy, John Peel).
4.30 **Drumroe** (Mr. Madcap, Devonport).

HURST PARK (FRIDAY).

2. 0 **Outlaw** (Loch Allen, Serabo).
2.30 **Silvanus*** (Jim Dandy, Penseroso).
3. 0 **Pride of Manister** (Ormskirk, Poor Willy).
3.30 **Buffoon** (Dudley, Golly Eyes).
4. 0 **Regent's Park** (Cossque, Beggar's End).
4.30 **Hans Swagger** (Sun Charmer, Southern Flight).

HURST PARK (SATURDAY).

2. 0 **Chicago** (Hogier, Pinchale).
2.30 **Double Up*** (Charlie Wise, Brownstown).
3. 0 **Mareesh** (Polytart, Llangarren).
3.30 **Punt Gun** (Gerald L., Square Dance).
4. 0 **Southern Gleam** (Major Domo, Mainsail).
4.30 **Thurso** (Silvanus, Heine the Hunter).

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

Tarpon, who is now trained by Felix Leach, junior, has grown into a very nice three-year-old.

* * *

Solace, undoubtedly one of the unluckiest horses of last season, has wintered uncommonly well, and may win an early engagement.

* * *

Another that may be wanted early is Red Rock, whom Sam Pickering has been sending along in some good gallops.

* * *

Pharos has not grown much since last year, and will probably be seen to the greatest advantage over easy courses.

* * *

The heavy rains of February have resulted in many training-grounds being "water-logged," and the lack of suitable gallops will have inflicted a heavy penalty on two-year-olds with early engagements.

* * *

One of the leading professional backers will win a "packet" if Tons of Money scores at Lincoln.

* * *

This hurdler made a hack of Clochnaben in a trial.

* * *

You You is a likely Lincolnshire outsider. She goes well and is doing the necessary work.

* * *

If Ireland wins another National, it will be with Max. They're very sweet on this one in Erin, and through Libretto he's worth notice.

* * *

If you've gone down over the sticks, a *Bullets* £200 may help you over the stile.

Established 26 Years.
MESSRS.
WHITE, FISHER & CO.,
144B, West Regent Street, GLASGOW.
LINCOLN
AND
NATIONAL
Price Lists issued Daily.
One-third the Odds a Place.
FOOTBALL
Apply for particulars of £1,000 BONUS.
A few vacancies for Agents.
Liberal Commission.
Apply for Particulars. Credit only.

WE PAY
SMITH & SONS
2A, RIGBY STREET,
LIVERPOOL.
16-1 — 3 HOMES
5-1 — 2 HOMES
AGENTS WANTED
Clients receive Special Attention.
FOOTBALL

£10,000
DUBLIN SWEEPSTAKE
IMPORTANT NOTICE

MR. R. J. DUGGAN, 38, Dame Street, Dublin, announces that the Grand National Sweep in aid of the Holles Street Cancer Hospital (tickets 10/-) has been organised solely by him.

He furthermore wishes to point out that not only is this Sweep Sanctioned by the Irish Government, but it is the ONLY Sweep for which the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of Dublin holds the Prize Money and will personally supervise the draw at the Mansion House.

Sportsmen MILE

CUT OUT PENALTIES!—BEST CUP FINALISTS—THIS WEEK'S TIPS—"JOHN BULL'S" FOOTBALLERS

THE English team that this week met Wales at Cardiff was generally on the lines I had indicated. It was obvious to the most dense of football fans that the selectors had about 30 players of equal merit to choose from, and while there is a suspicion of safety first and experiment second in the work of the committee, they cannot be blamed for turning to such dependable men as Longworth and Grimsdell to give a stiffening to the side. By the time these lines are in print the Cardiff match will be over, but I hope one or two of the new men have performed sufficiently well to give the selectors the right material for the more important fixture with Scotland.

Found in France.

If there was a surprise selection it was Magee, the West Bromwich right-half. When Magee played in the trial at Millwall he carried no sign of class about him, but was a different man in his team's unfortunate Cup experience with Charlton. Fred Everitt travels far and wide for talent, and to have his first look at Magee the Albion Secretary had to cross the Channel. Magee was then figuring in a Labour Corps team in France, and had ambitions as a forward. Anyway, Fred promptly signed him on, and when, in an emergency, Magee was moved to the middle line, he went into the Albion team to stop there.

The New Centre.

I hope Victor Watson has been able to solve the long-standing perplexity surrounding the centre-forward position. This virile young fellow has come on a stone or so since the commencement of the season, and while not yet the equal of his predecessor, Sid Puddefoot, his capacity limit has not been reached. Watson wants a lot of knocking off the ball; he has hustle and dash, and being a two-footed player, uses his wings impartially. On top of this he is never discouraged, unlike some centres who turn it up when persistently shadowed.

Should be "Capped."

The typically Welsh-looking left-half of the Arsenal, John, ought to have been in this week's national side, and I hope will get in the next. A few weeks of the present season had gone before John got his chance at Highbury, but from his first game he was a fixture. John is a half-back in the proper sense of the word, which is to say that he is equally skilful in attack and defence, holds the ball just long enough, and can trap a ball and get into his stride with it immediately. The rapidity with which John turns defence into attack is similar to that of Treadern, who, at last, is beginning to get famous beyond the surroundings of Upton Park. John cost the Arsenal an insignificant sum, and was probably discovered by the club's explorer "Punch" McEwan, once a great defender and now an incorrigible leg-puller.

Cut Out Penalties!

The true spirit of amateur football has induced many a player to shoot wide of the goal when there has been any question of the justice of an awarded penalty kick. This quixotic touch has now been squelched by the F.A. Council, who have decided that, unless the penalty is properly taken, the referee can order further kicks until it is. It seems to me that no little official discrimination will be necessary, and to come to that I should like the penalty kick to be eliminated altogether, and the penalty goal substituted. In the award of a penalty there is the suggestion that the attacking side should have scored, so why not go the whole hog? Penalty tries have for long been at the option of Rugby referees, although one seldom hears of them.

For Wembley.

After the fourth round of the Cup ties this week-end, we ought to be able to spot the finalists. I do not wear a paper top hat and carry a rattle when I go to a match, which is equivalent to saying that I don't care which side wins, and my impartiality prompts me to hope that we shall see the 'Spurs and Sheffield United line up at Wembley on April 28. The 'Spurs have their lapses, like everyone else, but they are about the cleverest side in the country; while, if Sheffield United have not the finesse of the 'Spurs, their top-speed stuff is both attractive and match-winning, and I should look to these two teams to give us the football in the final which we eagerly anticipate but seldom see.

One Amateur Left.

If Charlton Athletic can only "click" again on Saturday, their double of permanently relieving financial embarrassment and re-popularising the game in the S.E. of London will be brought off, and I hope it is. I am a 100 per center in sympathy for a struggling club, and the Charlton directors have had more than their share of anxiety. The Athletic, by the way, have two players in their successful side who seem somewhat distinctive. S. Plum is the only amateur among the Cup survivors; while Goodman is by general consent considered "no player" but deadly at the target. Well, Goodman isn't the first centre-forward who lacked some of the essentialities of his job, but he has scored a goal in every one of the ties, and that is something to go on with.

Real Chips.

Two players who have done a lot to assist their teams to the 4th round of the Cup, had fathers who were even more conspicuous contemporaries. One is Johnson, the Sheffield United centre-forward, whose father was one of the stars of the same club at the end of last century and the beginning of this, and the other, Smith, of Charlton Athletic, whose progenitor in his days with Aston Villa had few equals as an outside left. Young Smith forcibly reminds me of his "guv'nor." He has a rare turn of speed and cuts out fancy work for the more lucrative job of getting the ball in the centre.

BOXING POINTS.

Jack Bloomfield to Meet Soldier Jones.

Jack Bloomfield, the cruiser weight champion has been matched to meet Soldier Jones, the hard-hitting Canadian at the N.S.C. on Monday, March 26th. Bloomfield's last bout was with the Bombardier Billy Wells, whom he knocked out in six rounds at the Albert Hall. The champion should have very little difficulty in disposing of the Canadian

Bugler Lake Eager for Work.

The new bantam champion evidently means to be kept busy. He has challenged Charles Ledoux and Jack Sharkey. The latter, who arrived from America with Freddie Welsh, was present at the N.S.C. and saw Lake defeat Harrison. A meeting between the pair would create a great deal of interest.

WORLD'S BEST WINGER.

IT is going a bit to say that Stan Morton, of the Glasgow Rangers, is the best outside forward in the world, but there's little doubt about it. Morton came to light with that famous amateur club, Queen's Park; but, like many another amateur crack footballer, was cajoled into professionalism with a four-figure consolation for shedding his amateur status.

Morton is only an inch or so bigger than "Fanny" Walden, so there's not much of him. But even Walden is easy to stop compared with the Scot. Many brilliant English backs have tried it and failed; they not only cannot charge him, but cannot even step on him! No defender can guess Morton's intentions, and he is lucky if not made to look ludicrous. Morton can swerve, feint and dribble past a man in inches, and without apparent effort.

Morton positively scintillates in big matches. His international form is his best form. I remember one match in which such a great back as Longworth got so fed up with the elusive Stan that he left him alone altogether. Morton's centres are what inside forwards dream of, and before parting with the ball he makes sure that his colleagues are not offside. Morton will play for Scotland again in April, and a Sassenach back and half-back are booked for an unhappy afternoon, and the spectators for a thrilling exhibition of dribbling.

FORECASTS FOR MARCH 10.

(Nap selections in Black Type.)

Cup.

Home: Spurs, Charlton; Away: Sheffield U. Draw: Southampton v. West Ham.

League.

Home Winners.

Arsenal, Cardiff, Everton, Huddersfield, W. Bromwich, Barnsley, Blackpool, Palace, Bradford, Leicester, Notts C., Bristol R., Plymouth, Watford, Accrington, Darlington, Nelson, Rochdale, Southport, Clyde, Hearts.

Away Winners.

Leeds U., Swansea, Bristol C., Norwich, Bradford, Crewe, Falkirk, Rangers, Airdrieonians.

Draws.

Birmingham v. Preston, Derby C. v. Bury, Stoke v. Burnley, Fulham v. Orient, Exeter v. Portsmouth, Merthyr v. Millwall, Southend v. Luton, Barrow v. Walsall, Lincoln v. Wigan, Ayr v. Aberdeen.

Supported Goups.

3 Draws: Birmingham v. Preston, Fulham v. Orient, Merthyr v. Millwall.
3 Away: Swansea, Bristol C., Rangers.
3 Home: Arsenal, Cardiff, Barnsley, Blackpool, Leicester, Notts C., Plymouth, Hearts.
2 Home, 2 Away: Blackpool, Leicester, Notts C., Bristol C., Rangers.
1 Home, 1 Away, 1 Draw: Leicester, Bristol C., Merthyr v. Millwall.

This new SMOKING MIXTURE is always Fresh

It is packed in 1-oz. air-proof packets and great care is taken not to overstock tobacconists—so that you can always rely upon getting it in the pink of condition.

TURF SMOKING MIXTURE

is made with the famous 1919 crop Virginia tobacco. It is the most soothing and satisfying mixture on the market. You can smoke it all day and every day, it will never affect the nerves like ordinary mixtures. In 1-oz. packets only, 1/-.

If your tobacconist is not yet stocked send for free sample, and when you have tried it ask your regular tobacconist to get it for you.

ALEXANDER BOGUSLAVSKY, No. 55, Piccadilly, London, W.

TURF SMOKING MIXTURE

1/ Per Oz

PITMAN'S
80 POSTAL COURSES

enable ambitious people to obtain a general or specialized education in their own homes.

Subjects include:
English. Accountancy. Banking.
Secretarial Practice. Shorthand.
Economics. Modern Languages.
Subjects of General Education.

Write for free Booklet, "Home Study—the Key to Success," which gives full particulars.

PITMAN'S SCHOOL, 324, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

EXTREME NERVOUSNESS.

How it Should be Dealt with.

The steady use of a particular set of muscles tends to chronic fatigue, which produces faulty or difficult motion, trembling, cramp and even paralysis. Clerks, telegraphists, tailors and brain workers, are among the classes most threatened in this way The only safeguard is to keep up a supply of nerve force through the blood, which carries to the nerves the food that supports their strength.

The best thing to do when threatened with nervous trouble is to nourish the nerves by building up the blood. This is the mission of Dr. Williams' pink pills. The new rich blood created by these pills supplies the nerves with just the elements they need. A course of Dr. Williams' pink pills will quickly give you renewed nerve force. Your spirits will revive, vigour will return and there will be a new joy in life.

So begin Dr. Williams' pink pills to-day. Of chemists, or from address below, 3s. 0d. per box, post free. Good for men and women too.

An instructive booklet on the home treatment of nervous disorders will be sent to all readers who write to N. N. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1. It is quite free.

12/6 Monthly

is all you pay for our No. 666A "Sunbeam" and "Sunrel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated, richly enamelled, lined in colours. Well packed free, carriage paid on
15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.
Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory soiled machines. Tyres and accessories 25% below shop price. Write TO-DAY for testimonials and illustrated art catalogue.

Direct from
£5 15s CASH

Cycle Company (Dept. B.677), Birmingham

GREY HAIR
NATURE'S CURE

Simple reasoning tells us that Health and Colour are derived from the roots. If the roots are starved or killed with dyes the hair can never retain its natural shade. Nature's remedy is gradual, accumulative and beautifying. By reviving the cellular activity of the roots and of the pigmentary glands all irritation and falling ceases; dandruff disappears in seven days, and the original colour is restored in three weeks. And it remains so year after year. Why look old when you feel young? A complete trial treatment free from stains or dyes), with medicated soap, is sent gratis and privately on receipt of 4d. postage by P. LIND, Ltd., Chemists, 794, Clyde House, 425a, Oxford St., London, W.1.

THE CITY LIFE
Assurance Company Ltd.

Assets Exceed - -	£1,000,000
Premium Income Exceeds	£300,000
Claims Paid Exceed -	£1,000,000
Advances Made Exceed -	£2,250,000

HEAD OFFICE:
CITY LIFE HOUSE, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2

Our Letter Parliament

Wherein Our Readers Air Their Views

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited: 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Penalising Innocence.

Thousands of people must be hoping and praying that before long our statesmen will see fit to pass the long delayed Illegitimacy Bill, making it retrospective. I know of a case where the parents of an illegitimate child were married before the mother was really well enough to leave her bed, so anxious were they to do all they could to right the great wrong. The child, the wronge done—innocent and as pure as any born in wedlock—remains an "Outcast."—"*Suffer Little Children.*"

The Spirit that Cheers.

I was "on the road" looking for work. My resources had dwindled down to sixpence, and I was 312 miles away from home. I was determined to perish before ask for help. However, it came in the following manner, all from strangers. Private motor-car lifts by the way, 8, covering some 34 miles. Farmer's gig, 4 miles; motor lorry, 8 miles; furniture van, 105 miles; another lorry, 12 miles. Total 163 miles. In cash, 10s., 2s., 2s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., and 8s. 6d. Total £2 0s. 6d. This was exclusive of refreshments, smokes, and "drinks," if I wished. I was indeed thankful such people were to be found in "hard times."—*J. Smith, 29, Stone Street, Tonge Moor, Bolton.*

Real Charity.

Why are the simple pleasures of the working class so cruelly taxed? In 1913, the working mother could manage her modest weekly ½ lb. chocolates for Sunday for 3½d. Her half-pint of good wholesome beer for supper for 1d., and feel all the better and stronger for it. Father could have his tobacco at a reasonable price, but now all is changed and these things sound like a fairy tale But one never hears of the brewers, the cocoa people, or the tobacco firms doing badly. On the contrary they die millionaires. It is true that they leave bequeats to charity, but when you come to look at it, the money has been squeezed out of the pockets of the poor. But would it not be more like real charity to lower the prices and make things a little easier and happier all round?—*Boyn Norrington, 33, Shipbourne Road, Tonbridge.*

Buried Food.

In Norfolk, well known for its agricultural productions, there are "graves" upon "graves" of potatoes untouched, all last year's crops, which the farmers are almost unable to give away. No doubt these conditions will continue whilst the "Dutch" and other foreign countries are allowed to dump their goods over here. But apart from that, can't the Government contrive some scheme of using this surplus foodstuff?—*G. E. W. L., King's Lynn.*

German Pirates.

The fishermen of our East coasts are far from being well repaid for the heroic naval services they gave to the nation during the late war. It is a daily occurrence now for German trawlers, free as they are from authoritative restriction, to land their catches at the great North Sea ports and to compete in the sale of fish with the home fisherfolk. These one-time enemies are able, through the abnormal exchange rate—a direct outcome of war of their making—to sell at ridiculously low rates and yet to profit highly when they replace our currency with that of the Fatherland. It is thus that our old enemies, with the sanction of our Government, are forcing our once acclaimed heroes into unemployment and poverty. Surely something ought to be done for these British fisherfolk.—*James McIntosh, Aberdeen.*

Everyday Jekylls and Hydes.

How is it that most people have two kinds of behaviour—a best and a second best which they wear like their clothes—the best for special occasions and the second best for ordinary wear? Often the smiles and affability are reserved for the guest and the frown and acid for home consumption. Both husband and wife are often "Hail-fellow-well-met" at the club or circle, all smiles and radiance, but at home they wear moroseness and indifference like a mask. Why should we be Jekylls and Hydes? Why can't we be natural, just ourselves—always smiling or always serious? The same on Sunday as Monday. The same at the home as at the club. As good outside the church as inside. Playing the game whether on the field or off—at home or away.—*T. W. G. B.*

Baths for All.

It is a serious comment on housing conditions that only those with the means to pay a high rent can boast having the use of a proper bath, while those less fortunate, who have an equal desire for cleanliness, have to put up with inadequate substitutes. In the interests of hygiene and health, why does the Government not make it compulsory for baths to be fitted in all houses?—*James Williamson, 3, Heriothill Terrace, Edinburgh.*

Pity the Poor Teacher.

We guard the expectant mother. The child till five attends a clinic or Infant Welfare Centre. Then come the Specialists in education. From five to seven years, with exclusion for disease, the school time averages about ten months. The children, however, are expected to read fluently, write like clerks, and perform mental gymnastics in arithmetic for a Government Inspector they have never seen before. Woe betide the teacher whose pupils fall below the standard. Sleepless nights are marked by visions of facing managers who know little about the matter. The deplorable promotion policy and pressure from the upper departments are filling our schools with spectacled nervous children. Why this haste when there are seven more years to accomplish the work?—*Infants' Teacher, Lancashire*

Chemists' Blunders.

Has anyone—the ordinary layman—ever tried to decipher a doctor's prescription? To protect the public and the chemist, who is usually a busy man with little time to solve the "hieroglyphic" problems doctors usually make when writing a prescription, compel all doctors to print or have typewritten their prescriptions. There could be no excuse for mistakes then.—*K. Browne, 17, Blenheim Crescent, W. 11.*

Let the World Know!

What is the most emotional tragedy of human life you know, and what is the reform needed so that tragedies like it shall not occur again? How can action be taken if the facts are not revealed?

Tell the facts to us, and we will tell them to the world.

A Tax on Foreigners.

I think the suggestion by J. E. T., Eltham, about taxing all employees who are not British is about the best idea I've heard of for a long time. The only thing I can suggest as an improvement is a tax of £15 instead of 15s. I have just been a trip to the Philippine Islands, and I wanted to take my Chinese "boy" ashore at Zambranza. I was told it would cost me $100 (gold) to take him ashore! I was "fed-up," but admit the Yankee is very sensible all the same. —*Cedric Carver, Change Alley, Singapore.*

To Prevent Floods.

Some of our unemployed could be usefully employed in deepening and widening the streams in different parts of the country which are continually overflowing their banks and devastating the country in their course. Barriers could also be put up in the worst spots. Such work would amply repay the outlay in a few years. It is a well-known fact that it is the shallowest streams which are the biggest offenders, and the lives of many cattle and much foodstuff would be saved yearly.—*H. Ford, 4, West Bond Street, Leicester.*

Another Income Tax Injustice.

In the case of small incomes, one of the most cruel and unjust regulations is that in the case of a wife an abatement of £50 is allowed, while no such abatement is made for a housekeeper (when the children are over sixteen years of age). When a man meets with the greatest of all misfortunes, the death of his wife, and in order to keep his small home and household together has to engage a housekeeper (who has, of course, to be maintained and paid wages), the inland revenue gives him no consideration.—*J. M., Birmingham.*

Animal Stars.

I often wonder when I see dumb animals made to perform grotesque tricks, how many people would like to see their own particular pets go through the torture of a performance with that stricken look of fear on their faces. Most people have a pet of their own, and know the faithfulness and affection of their dumb friend. For this very reason they should combine in their efforts to put down the performances of dumb animals at shows, Such performances only take place after weeks of cruel torture to the poor animal itself—a fact which should make all true lovers of animals pause and think before they placidly watch a turn of "animal tricks." —*E. L., Manor Park.*

Favouring Foreign Firms.

There are many foreign firms making substantial profits by trading in this country who escape the income-tax altogether. This not only deprives the revenue of a considerable sum, but places these foreign firms in a position of advantage over their British competitors. —*C. J. D., Durham.*

Mr. Publican's Profits.

The poor publicans are whining that they cannot pick a living these days, and yet if a quartern of 30 u.p. whisky is required, most of them charge 4s. This works out at about 23s. the bottle, while the Government, when it controlled prices, considered 12s. 6d. the bottle sufficient recompense—at a time when all overhead costs were much higher than now. Does not this suggest that Mr. Publican is still engaged in fleecing the public as gaily as he was before the Government butted in?—*J. S. Moore, 143, Church Street, Lower Edmonton, N.9.*

17/6 for 16
CARR. PAID. DAYS MORE

SARTOR RAINCOAT

BUY BEFORE EASTER AND SAVE MONEY

A fortnight ago we made a startling offer—that for 30 days we would supply the genuine SARTOR Raincoat for 17/6, carriage paid to the British Isles.

ONLY 16 DAYS REMAIN.

Why not take advantage of this generous reduction in price, and secure your SARTOR for Easter? Think what it means—a Genuine SARTOR Raincoat for 17/6.

SARTOR RAINCOATS are tailored by experts from fully-proofed Gabardine, and warmly lined.

SEND NO MONEY—just your name and address on a postcard—and we will forward full range of FREE PATTERNS, Style Book (Ladies', Gent.'s, Maids', and Youths'), and an accurate Self-measurement Form.

OUR GUARANTEE STILL HOLDS GOOD. We guarantee every Coat, and if you are not completely satisfied with your purchase we return your money in full. WRITE NOW.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING Co.,
(Dept. J), 58, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

CONSIDER!

What are YOUR Prospects Worth?

The Metropolitan College "Guide to Careers"—Gratis and Post Paid—shows how you may improve them by HUNDREDS PER CENT.

It is for YOU alone to decide whether to leave your chances of success in the lap of fickle Fortune, or to create your own prospects by acquiring irresistible *Specialised Knowledge!* But if you are ambitious, and want to "get a move on," send TO-DAY for the Metropolitan College

"GUIDE TO CAREERS"

in Secretaryship, Banking, Accountancy, Advertising, Insurance, etc.—

FREE and Post Paid on request.

This gives full particulars of scores of

EXPERTLY PREPARED COURSES, TAKEN AT HOME, IN SPARE TIME, involving no interference with present employment.

Write to-day to the

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE, Dept. 31 ST. ALBANS

CEPEA THE CEPEA FABRICS

SERGE

This tab on Cepea Serge Shirts & Pyjamas

guarantees genuineness and replacement of any garment which fades or shrinks in wear.

Of all hosiers and outfitters at the new reduced prices.

SHIRTS 9/6
(COLLARS EXTRA)
PYJAMAS 15/6

In cases of difficulty or substitution please write:— The Calico Printers' Association Ltd. *Advertising Dept.*, Manchester.

YOUR GARDEN

Get this Free Guide:

Write to-day for our 164-page beautifully illustrated FREE "GUIDE TO GARDEN WISDOM AND GUARANTEED GARDEN SEEDS"; and make that Garden of yours as profitable and as lovely as the one you have so often admired. EVERY packet of Seeds ordered thence MUST GROW for you, too, or you will get it REPLACED FREELY. Send for the Free Guide to-day, addressing us personally:

TOOGOOD and SONS, LTD.,
Seedsmen to H.M. The King, and Growers of "Better Crops" Seeds only.
SOUTHAMPTON.

200 SHAVES
from the same fine blade, in perfect condition all the time, if you use the
MONKEY STROP

Just drop in your blade—GILLETTE or ANY MAKE—a few turns of the handle, and you get a keen, perfect, "barber's" edge on both sides at once. Money back if dissatisfied.

REDUCED PRICE.
De Luxe Model with Nickel-plated Case . . **5/6**

From Ironmongers, Cutlers, Cash Chemists, Harrods, Brentford's, Gamage's, or 5/9 post free from us.

DOUGLAS KIRBY & CO.,
Dept. J.B., Eastgate House, GLOUCESTER.

FITS CAN BE CURED

Permanent Recovery Possible.

GREAT FREE OFFER.

There is no infirmity so distressing, either to the sufferer or to those around him, as epilepsy and those kindred nervous complaints which, recurring more violently and unexpectedly at shortening intervals, render the life of the sufferer one round of misery.

IT HAS LONG BEEN SUPPOSED THAT FITS WERE NOT CURABLE, AND MANY AN UNFORTUNATE SUFFERER HAS SPENT LARGE SUMS IN SEARCH OF THE ALLEVIATION THAT ORDINARY REMEDIES, HOWEVER EXPENSIVELY PRICED, CAN NEVER BRING.

It was left for Dr. S. B. Niblett to at last discover the remedy that would not only bring alleviation, but, by building up the patient's vital forces, finally render him immune from the dread scourge. Dr. Niblett gave 35 years' close study to epilepsy and fits—devoted a lifetime to the alleviation of these terrible complaints. His remedy—which he called "Vital Renewer"—has brought back during the last few years health and strength to thousands, and it is with the object of making it more widely known that we to-day make a remarkable offer of a free bottle to anyone who is afflicted with this dread disease.

May we put it to you to take advantage of this offer now—to learn, once and for all, that there is a way by which you can be quickly and permanently cured—a treatment medically endorsed and vouched for by hundreds of patients thoroughly cured?

Nor is Dr. Niblett's treatment other than pleasant, its simplicity and the ease with which it may be carried out being marked features.

WRITE NOW FOR FREE BOTTLE, AND TREATMENT BOOKS, ALL SENT FREE ON APPLICATION (FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY) TO ANYONE WHO HAS NOT PREVIOUSLY HAD THIS REMEDY. WRITE TO-DAY TO:

B. W. NIBLETT,
38, Basinghall St., London, E.C.2.

My Wonderful Treatment for

RHEUMATISM

Has Cured Thousands of Chronic Sufferers after every other Remedy had Failed.
I will Send you a Supply without Charge or Obligation.

The Complete Cure

AT LAST there has been discovered a Treatment which really does cure Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, and all Uric Acid ills.

Charles Stafford, the discoverer, is so certain of this that he offers a generous supply of his marvellous remedy to all sufferers who will merely take the trouble to write for it.

You must not delay a moment. Fill in the coupon below at once, and you will receive by return post a package containing all the following:—

(1) A Supply of the treatment, which drives out the poisonous Uric Acid from the system, reduces swellings, frees the limbs, and makes you walk, eat, and sleep as you used to do before the dread disease fastened itself upon you.

(2) A remarkable book, entitled "How I Cured My Rheumatism," by Charles Stafford, the discoverer of this wonderful Treatment. This book contains many new and important facts which should be known to every sufferer from Rheumatism. A most interesting publication.

(3) Letters and photos from persons of both sexes and of all ages, in all parts of the country, who testify to the never-failing powers of this extraordinary Treatment. These testimonials are in all cases unsolicited. They prove a most vital fact—namely, that this Treatment is a cure that keeps you cured. You do not have to "Keep it handy," and be always spending money on it.

Whatever else you may have tried, however many times you may have been told there is no hope for you, here is something that really does all it claims to do, something that is curing Rheumatism every day. I ask you to let me prove my words at my own expense—not yours.

I will not have it said that I did not give every sufferer an opportunity of trying my treatment at my expense, and that is why I am making this offer. If you suffer from any form of Rheumatic Ailment, I earnestly ask you to ACCEPT MY OFFER TO-DAY. Use this Coupon, or a postcard will do if you mention "John Bull."

COUPON FOR **FREE** TRIAL SUPPLY

To C. STAFFORD (Dept. J.B.1), 150, Southampton Row, London, W.C. 1.

I wish you to send me a free supply of your cure for Rheumatic Ailments.

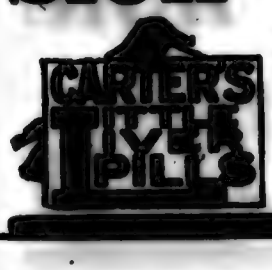
Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

What to Take for SICK HEADACHE



Take a good dose of **Carter's Little Liver Pills**—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. A few doses restore your organs to their proper functions and the Headache and the causes of it pass away. In the same manner *They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation.*

Genuine bear signature— *Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price*

John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We only deal flippantly with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

TOPSY (Bacup).—"If I'm alone in the dark, I get the wind up." The remedy is obvious.

MOROSE (Pitsea).—"I see nothing in life to be particularly happy about." What you want, Sunny Jim, is a cure for indigestion.

BEESWAX (Upton St. Leonards).—"I should like you to print my question." If we could understand it, we would.

G. R. G. (Brixton).—We do not know the value, if any, of the coins mentioned. You should take them to a numismatist.

UNDECIDED (Kettering).—"I cannot make up my mind which girl to marry." Let them toss for it—the loser to have you.

K. Y. Z. (Ashby de la Zouch).—"Has the result of the Great Sporting Ballot been declared yet?" Yes, some time ago.

A. H. D. (Oldham).—"Do you know a good bookmaker?" It depends entirely on the construction you put on the word "good."

ERIDERMIS (Whitby).—"I am constantly coming out in a rash: what should I do?" The rational thing to do is to see a doctor.

AN ADMIRER (Redland).—"Your staff must have very ready wits." The cashier says that's all they ever seem to have in the way of "ready."

SCHOOL-MA'AM (Rutlandshire).—"Teaching is not a soft job, not by no means." We quite sympathise—with your pupils.

BUSY BEE (Braintree).—"So long as you're doing something, you're out of mischief." Quite so. The trouble starts when you're doing somebody.

CAMPER (Hampstead).—"There is nothing in the world like camping out when the snow is on the ground." Thank goodness there isn't!

FRANK (Malpas).—"I should like to tell you just what I think about you, but cannot find words." We are sending you a list of words (both kinds) to help you out.

L. F. ROBBINS (Chatham).—"Do you think, in view of my name, my ancestors were connected with the pilfering profession?" Possibly. If, however, they only robbed bins, they must have had a thin time.

A. A. (Finsbury Park).—"What is the purpose of the mitre?" In the ecclesiastical sense, it serves to keep draughts from bishops' heads. In the lay sense, it is the name by which are known many hostelries which serve draughts for the throats of the unregenerate.

L. H. A. (Worksop).—"A lot of noise is not a good argument." No, but it is a "sound" one.

T. J. F. (Falmouth).—"I have never told an untruth in my life." You've made a promising start now, anyway.

W. A. L. (Chipstead).—"I am the seventh son of a seventh son. Is this lucky? Photo enclosed." Distinctly unlucky in your case.

MUMMIE'S BOY (Salisbury).—"Did the expression 'tut tut' originate from Tutankhamen?" More likely from his first wife, who had a slight stutter.

GIBLIN (Cricklewood).—"I go out with a different boy every night in the week. Do you think I'm a flirt?" No. Why ever should we think that?

F. W. M. (Bolton).—"The surest way to encourage a thing is to prohibit it." True. It's a "licker" to us why prohibitionists can't see this.

METAMORPHOSIS (Paddington).—"There is a great future in front of facial surgery." In our pet Utopia it would be compulsory in many cases.

PRESBYTERIAN (Deptford).—"Why should not religious discourses be broadcasted for an hour or two daily?" What's your grudge against wireless users?

GEORGE (York).—"I am a window cleaner and I've seen a few jokes in my time." You ought to be good at *Bulls*—there's £250 to be cleaned up this week.

VOTER (Mitcham).—"I am proud to say that I shall vote as all my relations and ancestors have always voted." Exactly. That is what puts the lid on progress.

CURIOUS (Hopetoun).—"Can clairvoyants really foretell the results of races?" There was one once who actually saw the winning colours in her crystal—but she was colour-blind!

POETESS (Horsham).—"I believe editors send my verses back without reading them." If your verses are in similar handwriting to your letter, we are sure of it.

INDIGNANT (Eastleigh).—"I was much impressed by one of your answers last week. Could I get in touch with the enquirer?" In view of your *nom-de-plume*, we think not.

SUBURBANITE (Ealing).—"How can I encourage my hens to lay eggs?" You might reason gently with them, pointing out the whole duty of hens. It's a "fowl" question to ask, anyway.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

G. T. (Bradford).—"Is it swearing to call a man a 'damn liar'? Half of it is.

J. K. (Leeds).—"My motto always is, 'Keep smiling.'" Good; except when shaving, for fear you slit a wrinkle.

G. R. (Folkestone).—"I have no money, and that is my chief offence." You are forgiven, but buck up and earn some.

R. J. (Tunbridge Wells).—"Sooner or later the world's coal supply will be exhausted." We must get in an extra couple of tons in case.

S. J. (Cheltenham).—"The modern disinclination for work is one of our greatest curses." True: it hits us slap in the eye at 9 a.m. each day.

J. T. F. (Luton).—"Your paper is a powerful 'organ,' especially when you pull out all the 'stops.'" True; yet so flute-like in its purity of tone.

R. H. (Westgate-on-Sea).—"I enclose a manuscript and should be glad to have your trenchant criticism." Sorry, but afraid it would scorch the paper.

W. R. T. (Cardiff).—"If a man says he is suffering from 'Anno Domini,' what does he mean?" He means he's getting older and not taking enough exercise.

L. Y. (Winchester).—"The modern child knows a jolly sight too much, in my opinion." But some people think all knowledge valuable. Ask Marie Stopes.

M. T. (Hastings).—"What is the difference between satire and rhetoric?" So great that they have nothing to do with each other. Look in the dictionary.

HAPPY THO' MARRIED (Sutton).—"I would not be single again for anything." Evidently the first flush of hymeneal rapture. Write again in five years' time.

W. S. (Huddersfield).—"So many people meet their troubles half way." Our motto, on the contrary, is: "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you."

E. P. G. (Leicester).—"My friends tell me I am the fastest girl swimmer they have ever seen." Congratulations! It might have been more happily expressed, however.

AGNES (Birmingham).—"The question I should like to have answered is: Should a daughter tell?" We should like to be quite sure what you mean before replying.

J. McM. (Oban).—"I always look twice at my money before spending it." We know a man from your country who looks three times, and then changes his mind.

DOWNTRODDEN (Palmers Green).—"One day we slaves of oppression will rise up in our might and destroy the tyrannical aristocrats." You had better wake up before rising up.

NEOPHYTE (Battersea).—"How long does it take to learn to write shorthand?" Six to twelve months, as a rule. The great thing is to learn to read it when you've written it.

W. W. (Stalybridge).—"What is worse than a gossiping woman?" A bunch of 'em.

MICKY (Holloway).—"My life has been all ups and downs." What are you—a lift attendant?

M. B. H. (Tunbridge Wells).—"The marriage tie should never be broken." This is a knotty point.

SUPERSTITIOUS (Islington).—"Is it unlucky to hear caterwauling in the night?" Yes, often—for the cat.

PIT BOY (Rhondda).—"Miners ought to be provided with free soap." This is surely a minor matter.

NA POO (Manchester).—"I sometimes sigh for the old war-time days again." May you sigh for ever!

BUILDER (Paddington).—"The British workman is not all he is represented to be." He is British, at any rate.

FESTIVE (Aylesbury).—"The man who has never been drunk has never lived." On the contrary, we know several.

YANKEE VISITOR (London, W.).—"Does it ever stop raining in this country?" Often, but you have to say it quick.

INSPIRED (Dunfermline).—"A mantle of power has descended upon me." That's queer: we ourselves bust one to-day.

SCRIBBLER (Tenby).—"I never work unless absolute silence prevails." Then come and live here, and you'll never work at all.

PEDESTRIAN (Wallington).—"How can one prevent the discomforts attendant upon a fifty-mile walk?" Stay at home.

OLD JOE (Stepney).—"I've lived in this neighbourhood, man and boy, for over sixty years." You ought to have an O.B.E.

FAUX PAS (Dorchester).—"Whenever I open my mouth, I put my foot in it." You must have what are called loose features.

LAY WORKER (Acton).—"I can find a sermon in the most trivial incident of life." It is a well-know disease with some people.

TRAVELLED (Surbiton).—"England is the fastest moving country in the world." Let's hope the others haven't got a housing problem.

G. R. P. (Liverpool).—"Just what attraction do insipid young curates have for spinster women?" This is one of the Seven Great Mysteries.

PAGAN (Smethwick).—"Why are religious festivals always associated with over-feeding?" It is the law of averages; they follow fasts.

CASSIUS (Wembley).—"Why are very fat men always good-natured?" Discretion, probably; a fat man is so vulnerable if he should show his nasty temper.

M. N. (Portslade).—"Forgive me for writing so long a letter." That apology just saved you. You know what happened to the last man who wrote us 31 pages?

NEW READER (Burnley).—"I don't wish to indulge in captious criticism." Don't let that bother you. We welcome criticism so long as it is clear and intelligent.

BERTIE (Waltham Green).—"Is there any foundation for a belief in reincarnation?" A certain amount. If the theory is true, you were a girl last time, judging by your coy, pink-scented notepaper.

T. R. (Hammersmith).—"Why don't the Tube railways give us cheaper fares and not so many promises of push cars?" Cannot say. Better ask one of the directors, enclosing stamped addressed envelope for reply.

(Continued on page 33.)

2/6 Ever-pointed Pencil FREE!

Huge response to our offer—Get yours to-day!

Will you accept a beautiful 2/6 'Ever-pointed' Pencil FREE? A handsomely designed up-to-the-minute model, complete with clip, rubber and refills? JOHN BULL is giving this free gift to its readers in order to quickly create a huge demand for the new model 5/- JOHN BULL Self-Filling Pen. The Pen with its solid 14-ct. gold nib, screw cap, and lever self-filling device is equal to pens costing double or more the price asked. Fully guaranteed. Get the Pen to-day and receive the 2/6 Pencil FREE. These pencils are going fast—write to-day. Send P.O. for 5/3 (which includes postage) and crossed "& Co.," and make payable to JOHN BULL. State if fine, medium, or broad nib desired. Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR GOUT, RHEUMATISM AND ACUTE KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Nurse Dickens explains a natural and permanent cure at home by the same treatment as used in hospitals.

NUMEROUS pain—and disease-causing impurities which clog the organs of filtration are always *acid-laden*; therefore the drinking of strongly *alkaline* water offers the best and only logical means of neutralising and washing them out. Remember that the waters of such world-famous medicinal springs as those at Chatel Guyon, Contrexeville, Evian, Vittel, Ems, Carlsbad, Marienbad, and others equally celebrated but difficult and expensive to get to, *are all strongly alkaline*. This is the secret of their wonderful effects. When we consider the thousands who have visited these famous health resorts and the marvellous results produced, nothing further need be said about the merits of alkaline water as compared with powerful drugs, noxious medicines, nerve-depressing salts and bromides, or any other forms of treatment. Neglecting to thoroughly flush out the kidneys occasionally, not only results sooner or later in backache, rheumatism, uric acid disorders, etc.; but if continued long enough it is even capable of bringing on such dreaded maladies as Dropsy, Bright's Disease, or Diabetes. Other serious results may be kidney or bladder stones, which are formed by the crystallisation of uric acid, urates or other salts. This is due to the lack of sufficient alkaline elements to keep the uric acid dissolved, which, therefore, is not expelled. Gall stones may also be produced by inflammation of the gall bladder changing the bile so that certain component elements become insoluble. These stones by blocking up the bile duct or grinding back and forth cause acute agony. High blood pressure and calcification or hardening of the arteries, liver and other organs are also due to similar causes. Aged persons are by no means the only ones subject to these afflictions. When the arteries lose their elasticity and are therefore unable to equalise the blood pressure by expanding or contracting, the strain on the heart becomes serious or even dangerous. Any sudden exertion, shock or excitement can prove fatal in advanced cases. With such developments as Hardened Arteries, Dropsy, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Stones, Gravel, etc., it is not my purpose to deal here. If their existence is even suspected they should receive the personal attention of a good physician or surgeon without delay, for delay may be dangerous and any attempt at self-treatment is to be strongly deprecated. It is only with their prevention that we have to deal here, and obviously the most logical way to prevent them is by regularly and thoroughly cleansing the entire system of the constantly developing impurities and poisons. Call these microbes, bacilli, toxins, bacteria, stomach ache, uric acids, or by any other name you like, but they are all simply poisons or body impurities which form the primary cause of organic and other diseases. It is only when you neglect the organs of filtration and excretion, however, that the impurities remain in the body long enough to do any harm.

IF YOUR KIDNEYS ONLY HAD WINDOWS

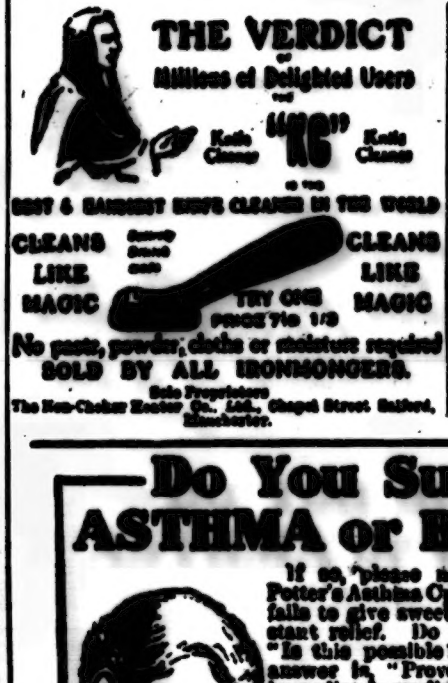
Then the cause of Backache, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Diabetes, etc., would be no mystery and you would know what to do.

THIS ALKALINE WATER IS BETTER THAN MEDICINES TO CLEANSE THE LIVER, FLUSH THE KIDNEYS, AND GET RID OF BODY ACIDS, POISONS, etc., etc.

It is a simple matter for anyone to prepare at home strongly alkaline medicinal water which contains essential mineral constituent ingredients similar to those found in the waters of various celebrated mineral springs. Any chemist can supply at little cost these same medicinal elements (as accurately ascertained by chemical analysis) already compounded in just the right proportions and in the form of an immediately soluble powder. The compound is well-known to chemists and medical men prescribe it by the registered name of Alkia Saltrates (powder form). Merely dissolve a level teaspoonful in a tumbler of hot water, and drink once or twice daily. This pleasant-tasting natural medicinal alkaline drink will promptly dissolve, neutralise and wash out the painful and disease causing poisons or harmful body acids. It is astonishing to note how quickly aches and pains then disappear and how soon a state of absolutely perfect physical health and fitness may be attained.

SPECIAL NOTE.—We are informed by Saltrates, Ltd. (Dept. 246 F.), Euston Buildings, London, N.W. 1, who prepare a very high grade of Alkia Saltrates, that during the next ten days they are willing, as an advertising offer, to supply anyone interested in the product with a regular 1/9 size packet free if applicant cares to send sixpence for the postage, packing, etc.

GET IT NOW
Write to H. Samuel 203 for his FREE BOOK of amazing bargains and secure the advantage of purchasing Jewellery, Watches, &c., at making-saving next to
FACTORY PRICES!
FREE PRIZES for all Buyers.
Full Month's Trial.
45/-
52/6
WRITE NOW!
Diamonds & Ruby Crystals 45/-
7-Stone Diamond Cluster 52/6
H. SAMUEL
203, MARKET ST., MANCHESTER.


THE VERDICT
Millions of Delighted Users
Keith Classic "16" Keith Classic
is the
BEST & SANITARY HOUSE CLEANER IN THE WORLD
CLEANS LIKE MAGIC
CLEANS LIKE MAGIC
TRY ONE
PRICE 7/6 1/3
No paste, powder, cloths or moisture required
SOLD BY ALL IRONMONGERS.
Sole Proprietors
The Non-Choker Ejector Co., Ltd., Chapel Street, Salford, Manchester.

TO THE DEAF
THOUSANDS of deaf persons are now hearing again by using the DARGHILL EAR-PHONE with the improved Invisible Attachment.
Read what they say:
"I heard my Sunday in Church yesterday, and am delighted with your instrument."
"My Doctor says your Earphone is the best he has seen."
Why not let us help you also? Try it first.
Send a Postcard for full particulars and trial terms now. Sent free by return of post.
All that is seen of it.
D. & J. HILL, Ltd., 211, Star Hill House, Cor. Grey's Inn Rd., King's Cross, London.
Manchester Branch: 70, The Park, Exeter, Manchester

Do You Suffer from ASTHMA or BRONCHITIS?

If so, please note that Potter's Asthma Cure never fails to give sweet and instant relief. Do you say "Is this possible?" Our answer is, "Prove it," by immediately sending for our Free Trial.

POTTER'S Asthma Cure

gives comfortable days and restful nights. Makes life worth living and enables you to follow your daily occupation without fear of breakdown. *The best remedy for bronchitis of children.* Good also for Croup, Whooping Cough and Lung troubles. Free from opiates and neither causes headache nor bad after-effects.

Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores for 1/6 or post free 1/9 from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 63, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

Smoke Potter's Asthma Cure Cigarettes when out of doors.

A Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture and Asthma Cigarettes, together with book "Are you Asthmatic?" will be sent to every reader who encloses 2d. stamp. Write and mention this paper, or

Sign this Form to-day

and post to address above.

Name .....

Address .....

JOHN BULL.

Genuine "LEDA" Fabric

CASEMENT CURTAINS

Direct from Mill to Your Shop Window!

A POST-CARD will bring our POST-FREE range of patterns ACTUAL of FABRIC.

All Curtains are Guaranteed Manufactured from the Famous "LEDA" Fabric. Each length stamped, Hemstitched or Trimmed both sides, in a wide run of colours and designs.

LEADALE MILLS CO. (Dept. S), 67, HARDMAN STREET, MANCHESTER.

Sore after Shaving

Or have you any rash, eruption, eczema, pimples, rough or red patches, scurf or skin irritation? Then use Germolene.

It soothes and heals at a touch.

AWARDED GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS AT FOUR LEADING INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

Mr. J. Light, 12, Lyndale-road, Redhill, Surrey, says:—"Seventeen years ago a poisoned scratch caused a rash which resulted in cracks so severe I had to carry my arm in a sling. Nothing did any good until I got Germolene. After the first few dressings the arm looked better and the result is that the disease is cured."

Germolene will make all the difference if your skin is tender and sore after shaving. But do not put it on *after* your shave. Apply it at night when you retire to rest. Warm it slightly, and then rub it gently into the skin. When you shave in the morning every trace of Germolene will be removed, but your skin will have improved wonderfully. You will notice the difference the first day, and in a week shaving will be a pleasure, for your skin will be free from all blemish.

Germolene will positively prevent all skin contagion, remove pimples, rashes, eruptions and red rough patches, and it will stop itching and irritation.

Use it for first aid, too. It quickly heals cuts and wounds. It is splendid for burns and scalds. It is an absolutely unequalled remedy for all skin ailments.

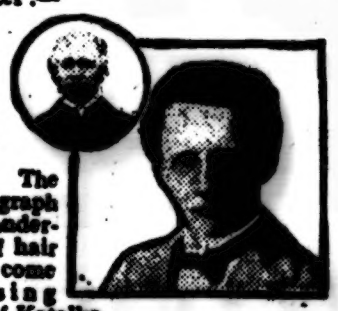
Prices 1/, 1/3 and 3/- of all Chemists and Stores.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

HAIR-GROWING DISCOVERY

Those who are bald or troubled with falling hair will be interested in Mr. Jack Evans' experience as related in the following letter:—



"The small photo taken from a football group will show you how bald I was six months ago. The other photograph proves the wonderful growth of hair which has come through using three boxes of Kotalko.

"I had gradually been losing my hair for a long time, until at last I became almost completely bald, with hardly a hair on my head. My hair, previous to the baldness, was very straight and thin, whereas to-day it is a mass of wonderful curls.

"I can strongly recommend Kotalko to those who are bald, losing hair, or troubled with dandruff.

"Yours faithfully,

"(Signed) JACK EVANS."

Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. This is composed of genuine bear fat, with the juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years. Please use coupon or copy it.

TEST-BOX Coupon.

Fill in name and address and post with 6d. in stamps (or P.O.) to JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (66 A.C.), London, W.1.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

THE ROMANCE OF BUSINESS

No. 7.—Selfridges

SOME forty years ago, in the little town of Jackson, Michigan, in the U.S.A., a boy who was tired of the lack of scope offered by the life of a bank clerk, went to Chicago and obtained a position in the "Cathedral of the Dry Goods Trade," the great firm of Marshall Field. He wrapped parcels and did odd jobs, but in the forcing-house of commerce genius grows apace, and by sheer ability H. Gordon Selfridge made his way rapidly up the ladder of success until he became a managing partner.

Looking for fresh worlds to conquer, London fired his imagination, and he determined that the greatest city in the world should have the finest store in England. Thus was born the idea, for the romance of Selfridge's is the romance of an idea that, in spite of prejudice, suspicion and opposition was to humanise commerce and inject into the business body the vitalising and rejuvenating stimulant of scientific organisation.

GORDON SELFRIDGE is an American, but he is also a psychologist. He realised the mentality of the people among whom he had come, and he knew that to win their confidence and respect it would be necessary to avoid riding rough-shod over their opinions and prejudices.

So, when on March 15th, 1909, his store was opened in Oxford Street, it was staffed by British men and women, and the only American method he adopted was the one he felt would be appreciated—the principle of the Open House.

The public found that the idea of merchandise had suddenly been dignified The beautiful facade of the Store, the equally beautiful windows, the wonderful cartoons, drawn by the best artists of the day to announce the openings, fired the imagination of the public and won for Gordon Selfridge their respect.

In the store itself the public found a staff such as they had never yet seen—no mere "shop assistants," but a staff of hosts and hostesses in every sense of the word.

For Gordon Selfridge had freed the minds of his staff from the fear of authority, and in place of this fear had inspired enthusiasm, imagination and a keen sense of responsibility.

IT is for this reason that even to the most casual visitor the staff of Selfridge's—grown from 800 to 5,500—radiate an atmosphere of happy contentment in, and eager responsibility for, their work that is not a little impressive.

Gordon Selfridge was the first man to put retail business in this country on a scientific basis. He instituted the system of specialised responsibility for the various departments, and was the pioneer in the creation of a separate department to deal solely with staff management.

The way in which store after store has imitated and assimilated his systems and ideas would have proved dangerously flattering to a man less modest.

H. GORDON SELFRIDGE.

"Why was Gordon Selfridge so successful?" said Mr. Best, the staff director. "Because he is a born leader, one of the super-minds that, no matter where they are or in what circumstances they find themselves, *must* come to the surface. The born leader cannot be kept down. Gordon Selfridge, by reason of his education and training, was able to use his faculties to inspire others, to develop others, to *create*."

One of the greatest assets of Gordon Selfridge is that, having delegated responsibility, he leaves the man to do the job. If results are not forthcoming, if policies are not being followed, then indeed he wants to know why; but domination is no part of his business creed. He believes in allowing the individual to develop his own powers along his own lines.

TO the student of human nature the face of Gordon Selfridge tells an eloquent story. Kindliness and human sympathy radiate from it, the expression of a man who has fought his way through life and sifted its values, the man who has come to realise that men are more than things. The eyes of the dreamer and philosopher are in continual conflict with the dominant jaw of the leader and forceful man of affairs. But the more observant will see the mind behind it all, the mind that has subjected dreams to the rigid discipline of practical forethought and detailed planning. For the dominant trait of Gordon Selfridge is that he has made dreams his slaves and refused to allow them to become his master. He has used them as the motive force and not allowed them to hamper action.

YESTERDAY a dream—to-day a household word. To-morrow—somewhere in this fascinating personality there is a hint that the future may see developments beside which the house of to-day will appear but an experiment.

The "John Bull" Guarantee.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL—*i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and at the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*

Address all communications, The Advertisement Manager, Odhams Press Ltd., 37, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

Signalman Wins £1,000.

THE £1,000 prize in our *Bullets* Competition No. 474 was won by Mr. J. Wilson, of Runavie, N.B. The winner is a railway signalman, living in a lonely spot under the shadow of Ben Nevis. These facts emphasise the point that everybody has an equal opportunity in *Bullets*, and that it is immaterial whether winning competitors live in the most populous towns or in the smallest villages.

The merit of Mr. Wilson's line, "My Misfortune—'Grey Matter,' Outside Head," will hardly be disputed. This good "double meaning" *Bullet* is a capital example of what may be described as the homely type, which is just as likely to win as one containing a national or topical idea, or a *Bullet* depending for success on broad or subtle humour.

(Continued on page 274)

S GUALMAN WEBB £1,000.

(Continued from page 26).

Bullets are not judged on narrow lines, and competitors have the widest scope for the exercise of ingenuity in construction.

A letter from Mr. Wilson shows him to be observant and a candid critic of his own efforts. He won several small prizes a few years ago, and recently took up *Bullets* again. He wrote lines which he thought were brilliant, but, after carefully studying those which won prizes, he set out to improve his own efforts. He gathers ideas from practically everything, and considers that "there is nothing like JOHN BULL's Letter Bag to create a bright feeling." Before turning out a good winner, he was evidently a good loser, for he says: "I always think one is rewarded even if he is a loser, as money invested in *Bullets* is a sound investment in the great bank of Thought; interest paid *instanter*."

We would impress on competitors that it is not desirable to take actual winning lines and serve them up again, wholly or in part, under new examples, in the hope of winning big prizes. *Bullets* so formed will be pretty certain to lack the originality needed for success. Study the ideas, and the various clever methods of framing the *Bullets*; then, like Mr. Wilson, use your own "grey matter," and you will win.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 475.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

MRS. JANE EVANS,
16, Foster's Terrace, Dinas, Rhondda, Glam.

Example:—PAID IN FULL.
Bullet:—THEN FRANCE "QUITS."

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

MRS. S. LOCK,
North Gate, Chichester.

Example:—THE EASIEST WAY.
Bullet:—THAT ROAD SELDOM "UP."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

MR. H. J. McGUIRE,
17, Sydenham Park, S.E. 26.

Example:—YOU'D BE SURPRISED.
Bullet:—A1 "UPPER TEN" COMMANDMENTS.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

J. SPENCER, 33, Carlyle Avenue, Harlesden, N.W. 10:
TO BE SURE—SCIENTIST OFTEN TAKES YEARS.
J. WALLACE WARD, 50, Elcho Street, Preston, Lancs:
KEPT BUSY—MARRIED TO REFORM HIM.
RAYMOND KERSHAW, 16, St. Albans Terrace, Gateshead-on-Tyne:
PAID IN FULL—IF AMERICA GOT HALF.
EDWARD MARTIN, 47, Chatsworth Avenue, Merton Park, Surrey:
FRESH TO-DAY—WREN'S "SERMONS IN STONE."
MRS. A. S. BETTLE, 172, Camberwell Grove, S.E. 5:
FRESH AIR—CRANE'S NAME FOR DRAUGHT.
W. E. FAWKES, The Old Hall, Griston, Watton, S.O. Norfolk:
FOR EVER—ENTENTE—TILL INTERESTS CLASHED.
S. G. HOWSON, 181, High Street, Uxbridge:
IN THE CRADLE—INVENTIONS, TILL WAR DECLARED.
ROBERT AUSTIN, 22, Charles Street, York:
BORN ACTOR—FATHER—ALSO WONDERFUL INVENTOR.
T. S. FAIRBAIRN, 7, Holmend, Moffat, Dumfriesshire:
MAKING SPARKS FLY—WHEN "MARKED FISTS" MEET.
MRS. ELLEN A. SCOTT, 130, Stamford Street, Grantham:
ANOTHER HOME—WRECKED, SCANDAL TIRES ELSEWHERE.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

A. S. HUNT, 1, Bedford Road, Clapham, S.W. 4:
STEP IN RIGHT DIRECTION—WE'VE TRIED THE OTHERS.
G. HARDING, 30, Portsmouth Road, Guildford:
FOR EVER—EVIDENTLY ROMAN ROADMAKERS' MOTTO.
Miss C. BARDEN, 9, St. Mary's Street, Canterbury, Kent:
LEARNING—ISN'T SPELLING OFFICIAL HEADS.
MRS. L. FORSTER, 8, Maycroft Road, Weymouth:
BACKING OUT—OF BAILIFF'S JOB—ENGLAND.
Miss L. SINGLETON, 13, Fore Street, Fowey, Cornwall:
SOME HOPE—WHERE CHARITY'S STIGMA RESISTED.
E. B. FRANKLIN, Busy Farm, Houghton Conquest, Nr. Ampthill, Beds:
NICE OR NASTY—MEN, ACCORDING TO MENU.
W. HUGHES, 4, East Street, Tredegar, Mon.:
PROVOKING—JURYWOMEN FIND LISTENING.
NURSE OSTREHAN, 50, Brighton Road, South Croydon:
THE RAGGED WAY—TO HEALTH—FORGET IT.
E. GOODWIN, 295, Middlewood Road, Sheffield:
TO BE SURE—CREEP—WALK—THEN RUN.
F. OAKLEY, 22, Walnut Road, Plumstead, S.E. 18:
SMART CHAP—PLEASED EVERYBODY—AND HIMSELF.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 477.

ALL THE BEST
STAND FAST
AFTER A FASHION
SPARKLING EYES
OUT OF PLACE
NEW JOKE
IN THE CHAIR
DOING WELL
A BUSY MAN
EXCITING
LEAVES US GUESSING
MY BUSINESS
SOUNDS A LOT
STORM BREWING
UP TO SAMPLE
YOUNG RASCAL
OUT OF TUNE
WONDERFUL
DARK AND FAIR
GONE ASTRAY
ALL I GET
HER SHARE
IN RIGHT HANDS
NO WAITING
BEYOND OUR MEANS
STUPID
WHAT HURRY SAYS
GETTING FIT
CROWDED
TOO FRESH
ONLY A GIRL
ON THE CARDS

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☞ SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the Three First "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 477 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 454, can now be seen in the window of Messrs. Harrods, Limited, Brompton Road, S.W.

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Thirty-two Examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—OUR BUSINESS. Bullet: WANTS "GINGERING," THEN "PRESERVING." The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

☞ ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 477, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

No. ____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 15.
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(477) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

No. ____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 15.
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(477) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

No. ____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 15.
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(477) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

No. ____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 15.
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(477) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 478

THE BIG SCORE—PRETTY PAIR—WHEEL OF FORTUNE—THANKS—LOUD SPEAKER—IN A RUT—THE LIMIT—RACING AND CHASE—SEND US—HOME REWARD—PLAYING THE FOOL—A FOOL—MIXTURE AND SACRIFICE—AN OVERDOSE—GOOD STROKE—LONG WAY OFF—LITTLE HELP—IN THE WRONG—A LESSON—LITTLE DEVIL.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, MARCH 22nd. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 478 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 478, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for Competition No. 477.

List of Ten-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 476 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "JOHN BULL."

Only a cold—

but there is a real danger of bronchitis or pneumonia ——

The first sign of a cold is Nature's warning to protect your throat and lungs.

Food, alone, will not help you. But a prompt course of SCOTT'S Emulsion will protect the throat and lungs, will relieve the cold and prevent the development of more serious illness.

Even those who are subject to frequent colds can keep free from lung troubles by taking regular courses of SCOTT'S.

If you believe in taking sensible precautions, buy a bottle of SCOTT'S to-day—*the cold East winds of March are sure to come.*

SCOTT'S EMULSION

NATURE'S LUNG-HEALING AND BODY-BUILDING FOOD.

Recommended by doctors in cases of

COUGHS, COLDS	BRONCHITIS	WASTING	INFLUENZA	WHOOPING-COUGH
CONSUMPTION	PNEUMONIA	MEASLES	RICKETS	AND TEETHING.

Foremost in the fight against the waste of child life.

Printed and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Long Acre, London, W.C. 2, England. Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper. Post Free all over the world, 12s. per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for the Colonies: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., Australia and New Zealand. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. For Canada: The Imperial News Co., Ltd., Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver:- Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; The American News Co. For America: International News Co., Ltd., and American News Co., Ltd. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son's Bookshops, at 70, Marche-aux-Herbes, Brussels, and 11, Rue Joseph II., Ostende, and 248, Rue de Rivoli, Paris.